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REVIEWS

The Life of Titian; with Anecdotes of the distinguished Persons of his Time. By James Northcote, R.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

(Second Notice.)

BIOGRAPHY has its Scylla and Charybdis:—the one, when its subject has lived so recently that the historian has to battle with prejudice and passion;—the other, when the writer has to grope back into the obscurity and "dark abyss" of the past, and present us with the dry records of a person long since passed into the realm of shadows. Of the two tasks, we conceive the latter to be the least difficult. If time makes the details less distinguishable, it gives breadth to the picture.

Although there are many biographies of Titian, there was yet room for another tribute to, and record of, his memory. "The crowning rose of the wreath" was anticipated from his present historian. We did not fancy that much additional interest could be thrown into the work, for Titian was a successful artist—too much so, indeed, for us to feel a deep sympathy with him. The "mingled woof" which forms the web of *Salvator Rosa's* life—his attachment to music—his devotedness to poetry—his alternate poverty and wealth—his mixture with the aristocrats in the palace, and the followers of Masaniello in the struggle for freedom—the varying sunshine and cloud-breaks of his fortunes,—these form a charm which, like a magician's spell, carries us on with a delighted spirit to the end of his eventful history. Eminent success does not excite eminent interest. Adversity is the school for genius, which, like religion, requires persecution to prove its divine origin. When we read that Titian was the invited guest of kings, the friend of princes, the honoured of nobility, we feel less sympathy for him than for Caravaggio dying of want in the Pontine Marshes—for Guido's gratitude to his patron (a tailor), for six scudi as a price for one of his divine heads—for Dominichino dying (as Passeri tells,) "fra mille crepacuori," amidst a thousand heart-breakings, after a clouded and troubled life of persecution. When we learn that Titian painted the Emperors Charles V., Philip II., and Soliman; that he also painted the portraits of two popes, three kings, two empresses, several queens, and almost all the princes and magnates of Italy, we involuntarily recur to the gifted Correggio, uncheered by patronage, standing in mute admiration before Raphael's half-divine St. Cecilia, until at last his heart found utterance in the proud expression, "And I, too, am a painter!" When we trace the continual and early success of Titian, we think on Claude Lorraine scolded by his father (a pastry cook), as being "so imbecile that he could not even teach him to make a pie, or heat an oven;" and we delight to muse on the pride of his triumph when, finally, he won the patronage of kings. As we view the undeviating honours and wealth that invariably awaited Titian, we cannot help comparing his lot with that of Caravaggio, unfortunate from his birth to his miserable death, caused by want, in Rome—reduced sometimes, like Morland, to paint a sign to pay his tavern reckoning, and accus-

tomed to use the canvass of a portrait as a succedaneum for a table-cloth!

Titian was more fortunate than most of his kind. He was devoted to his art, which he loved, and which (as his works inform us,) loved him earnestly in return. The troubled lot of other followers of his profession was not his; consequently, much as we admire his productions, and rejoice at the success of the artist, we feel that this very success deprives him of much interest. It is pleasant to follow the artist from obscurity to fame—to trace the gradual development of his talents and his fortune—to weep with his tears, and rejoice with his joy. The glaring light of a tropic sun—ardent from morn to dewy eve—is less delightful than the changing hues of a northern day, when the luminary struggles through the cloud that veils it, and finally breaks into full and brilliant brightness. We have no sympathy for the hero—with the mail of proof, the sword of sharpness, the sandals of swiftness, and the cap of ubiquity—whom fairy-tale presents to us as unconquerable. We admire the Stygian-dipped Achilles, but, in our "heart of heart" the valour of Hector is enshrined, for it is not superhuman—it is of earth, earthly. It is thus, also, that we think of men eminently and always fortunate. They seem to us as under a spell—we look for their star in the heavens. We would not gaze on the race if we knew that one steed was warranted to win: it is the "gaudia certaminis"—the rapture of the strife—that wins our attention. The career of Titian was but one long triumphal ovation. We admire, but do not feel sympathy with his success.

To conquer this feeling of indifference would require a skill beyond what Mr. Northcote has brought into play. He has given us a careful, but a cold biography. Like a statue, it wants warmth. It wants that *vis viva* which seems struggling into life. It is not THE "Life of Titian" that we expected from the vigorous mind—vigorous in its senility—which has made the "Conversations" recorded by Hazlitt so deeply interesting, amusing, and instructive. The one is cold, classical, and cautious; the other is natural, life-like, and earnest. In the one, Mr. Northcote bounds on, sometimes with unequal steps, but often with the antelope speed of vivid youth; while, on the other, he appears to walk in stilts. The book will be read, as it ought; but those who admire the mingled wit, wisdom, and simplicity of the *speaker* Northcote will not be so much pleased with the writing of Northcote the *biographer*. The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire was accustomed to condemn all compliments, after the rude, but real one of a coal-porter, who, struck with the brilliancy of her passion-lit eyes, begged permission to light his pipe by them! So—begging pardon for the simile—we prefer the loose, rough vigour of the "Conversations" to the stateliness of the "Life."

We shall "show cause" for our verdict. In the first place, Mr. Northcote has not given a preface. Now, we like the half-confidence a preface gives us. We are fond of knowing as much as possible of the "why and the wherefore," which led to the manufacture of the work. We would be behind the curtain, and know when

the design was formed, how it proceeded, and how much, if at all, its final execution varied from the original conception. Secondly, we complain of the lack of detail—always deeply interesting—of the *private* life of Titian. We should like to know whether, like Shylock, he had not the same passions and feelings as we have. We would be glad of an introduction to his friends. We should desire to know as much of him as possible. Why has Mr. Northcote given us nothing but a sketch of his professional career? Thirdly, he gives us few of his own valuable opinions on the works of this great master. In lieu, he substitutes the remarks of Fuseli and Reynolds. These may be correct, but we knew them before. We look for the observations of Northcote, and look in vain. Fourthly, we do not understand why there are two biographies given;—one as Northcote's own, the other as a compilation from Ridolfi, Ticozzi, and others. Fifthly—but we must not stretch our list to the "crack of doom."

Having stated our opinion *against* the book, we shall now give a kind of *per contra* account for it. It is generally satisfactory as regards detail. Its language is elegant and correct—simplicity of diction being the base of true elegance and correctness; and, finally, its notices of Titian's contemporaries are very full, and eminently amusing.

Now for Titian. He was born at Friuli in 1480. At an early age (before he entered his teens) he was placed, at Venice, under the care of Sebastian and Francisco Zuccati, of Treviso, the greatest masters of the art of mosaic working, from which—although Mr. Northcote does not mention it—we suspect he acquired much skill in the detail of his. Soon after, he was transferred to the tuition of Gentile Bellino. Here, "urged on by the bent of his genius to greater excellence in the art, he could not endure to follow the dry and laboured manner of Gentile, but designed with boldness and expedition." The master, as might be supposed, did not like this deviation, and told him "that he would make no progress in painting, because he forsook his manner." Having left him, he next went to John Bellino, his brother, under whom he acquired skill in execution, although, at first, his manner was dry and hard. About this time Giorgione succeeded in catching the style of Leonardo da Vinci. Titian saw the success of this, threw aside the hard and dry manner of Bellino, and adopted it; so "that," says Mr. Northcote, "it became difficult to distinguish his works from those of Giorgione." He was now only eighteen, and yet had numerous commissions to paint in fresco. With Giorgione he speedily came in contact:—

"Giorgione having been commissioned to paint that front of the new building of the Fondaco di Tedeschi, which is towards the Grand Canal, Titian, by the interest of his friend, Signor Barberigo, was employed to paint some subjects on the front which is towards the Merceria. In this work he painted a Judith so admirably, both as to design and colouring, that on its being presented to public view it was generally thought to be the work of Giorgione, inasmuch that one day some gentlemen of Venice meeting with the latter artist, and not knowing

that any one but himself was engaged in that undertaking, gave him joy of his great success, particularly on that side towards the Merceria, and told him that he had outdone his performance on the side which was towards the Grand Canal. Giorgione, with shame and regret, replied, that 'It was not his, but his master's;' and, in fact, was so mortified, that before the work was completed, he shut himself up in his house for several days, and from that time forward renounced all friendship with Titian, but yet gave him high praise, saying that 'he was a painter from his mother's womb.' i. 12-13.

Perhaps Giorgione felt—and from a like anticipation—the same jealousy for Titian that Ghirlandiio entertained for his pupil Michael Angelo; whom he actually dismissed his service. Titian next went to Vicenza, where, in the gallery of the Court of Justice, he painted (in fresco) his celebrated Judgment of Solomon. On his return to Venice he was employed to paint the front of the Grimani palace. He then ornamented the churches of S. Anthony and Spirito Santo, in Padua; and, on the death of Giorgione (in 1511), succeeded to most of his commissions. The next year saw the death of Bellino (his old master), and the celebrated picture of Frederic Barbarossa doing homage to Pope Alexander II., left imperfect by Bellino, was finished (with great alterations in the design) by Titian, in the Sana del Gran Consiglio. We next learn, that "after he had finished the picture of Frederic Barbarossa's homage to the Pope, he was employed to paint, for the church of St. Roque, a Christ bearing his cross on his shoulders, with a rope round his neck, dragged along by a Jew. This picture has been considered by many the work of Giorgione. It is held in such high estimation, and is an object of so much devotion at Venice, that there has been more money offered to it in pious donations, than Titian or Giorgione ever received in the whole course of their lives." i. 21.

He was now employed at Ferrara, (where he first knew Ariosto) by Duke Alfonso I.

"Not long after, he was employed on a picture for the high-altar of the church of the Minor Friars. It is in oil. The subject is the Holy Virgin ascending into heaven, accompanied by angels: God is seated above, between two angels. The Virgin really seems to ascend. She has an expression full of humility, and her drapery floats lightly in the air. On the ground are the Twelve Apostles surveying the miracle, and expressing their joy and wonder by divers attitudes. They are for the most part larger than life; and it has been said of this picture, that it combines the grandeur of Michael Angelo, the pleasing grace and *venustas* of Raphael, and the proper colouring of nature. Yet this was the first public work Titian ever executed in oil; and he was not long about it. He was at this time about thirty-four years of age. With all its merit, ignorant and envious cavillers, and the blind vulgar, who had hitherto seen nothing but the dead, cold works of the Bellini and Vivarino, which were without any relief (Giorgione had done no public work in oil, or at most only half-figures and portraits) busied themselves in decrying this picture. At length, envy growing cool, and truth by degrees opening their eyes, the people began to wonder at the new manner introduced by Titian. It is true this picture did not please the Friars; but, the Imperial Ambassador expressing a great desire to purchase it, they saw their error, and held it in high esteem: and all the painters from that time studied to imitate our artist; but being put out of their usual way, found themselves at a loss. And in truth it seems almost a miracle, that Titian, without ever having seen the antiques at Rome, which had afforded light to all the most excellent painters, and with only the little glimmering he had received from the works of Gio-

gione, should have conceived the idea of perfect painting. But this picture was, even in Vasari's time, so damaged by neglect and ill-usage, that he says it could be but little understood, and that the figures were scarcely discernible. However, it has recently been found and restored to its original state, and proves to be a most inestimable work. There is a print taken of it by Hayter, a young English artist." i. 26-8.

His fame had now made itself wings. His works were sought by the nobles. Through his friend Cardinal Bembo he was invited to Rome by Leo X., "with the offer of honourable appointments, in order that Rome, in addition to the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, might possess some of the exquisite productions of his hand. But his friend Navagero, foreseeing that in being deprived of Titian, Venice would lose one of her greatest ornaments, prevailed on him not to go, although Raphael as well as others were very anxious that he should visit the capital. The death of Leo, as well as that of Raphael, happening in the year 1520, Titian abandoned all thoughts of going to Rome, at least for that time." i. 30-1.

Similar offers were made by Francis I. of France, "but Titian would not leave Venice, where he had come when a child, and which he had chosen for his adopted country." i. 36.

At this time, "notwithstanding the importance of these works, the remuneration he received for them was not sufficient to place him in easy circumstances; and he is said to have been in a state bordering on indigence, when the praise bestowed on him by his friend Peter Aretin recommended him to the notice of Charles V., as we shall see presently: so necessary is patronage to bring forward even the most transcendent abilities." i. 37-8.

In 1520 he painted the celebrated 'St. Peter Martyr,' for the chapel of St. Paul and St. Peter, Venice. In our last we quoted the opinions of Northcote and Peter Aretin respecting this *chef-d'œuvre*; but a mention of all his works would fill many columns; he did nothing but paint, improving as he went on. Charles V. sat to him for his portrait at Bologna in 1530; "the portrait pleased him well, and though so weak an ingredient as vanity was not to be found in Charles's composition, yet he was not insensible to outward impressions, and henceforward determined never to trust the representation of his likeness to other hands than those of Titian. He was a lover of the arts, not an enthusiast; he knew the value of their influence; and revered them for their power, without being captivated by their charms. To men of talent he was liberal without familiarity: in short, his sentiments in this, as in every other instance, were directed by reason, not hurried away impetuously by constitution or passion. He rewarded Titian for his portrait with a thousand golden *scudi*, consulting therein no less his own magnificence, than the artist's merit: and he also gave him two hundred ducats for a small picture, the subject of which is not stated." i. 209-10.

On returning to Venice from Bologna, Titian "had the mortification to find that a party of gentlemen-connoisseurs had taken up and patronized Pordenone, bestowing the most extravagant praise on some picture he had painted in one of the public buildings, as also a small picture in a part of the church of St. Giovanni Elemosynario. This by accident brought him into an unlooked-for rivalry with Titian, who had but a short time before painted for the same church a picture of St. Giovanni Elemosynario attired like a bishop; but the power of execution to be found in this picture throws the work of Pordenone to an immeasurable distance behind it. Indeed, there can be no comparison made between them.

"How exactly we find the same thing in our days, when scarcely a year passes but we are

called upon to bestow our wonder and attention on some new and surprising genius, who makes a prodigious noise for a season, and then is heard no more! The earnest desire of mankind for novelty, and the pleasure it gives to those who fondly hope they have had the sagacity to bring the hidden treasure to light, tempts them to decry the most established reputation, and leads them to suppose that their new-discovered favourite may supply the vacant place, the frequent failures they experience being passed over without making them wiser." i. 213-14.

Titian, who could not bear a rival near the throne, actually compelled Pordenone to quit Venice. His pride was further gratified, for "about this time (1537) Titian had painted for the Church of St. Maria degli Angeli, at Murano, a most excellent piece of the Annunciation, for which he demanded five hundred crowns; but those for whom it was painted refusing to come up to his price, he, by the advice of his friend Peter Aretin, sent it as a present to Charles V. who was so much pleased with the compliment, as well as with the picture, that he made him in return a present of two thousand crowns, and dismissed a picture by the hand of Pordenone, to give it a place." i. 229.

At this time, too, he enriched Naples and Brescia by some of his works. He was now 63, and with increasing years came increasing honours. Pope Paul III. sent for him to Bologna to paint his portrait, and invited him to Rome, which he declined, being engaged to paint for the Duke of Urbino. He, however, proceeded to that "city of the heart" in 1545. Mr. Northcote says, "after our artist had reposed himself some days, he felt a desire to begin his work. He was now to paint Pope Paul again; but the portrait was to be at full length, with the Cardinal and Duke Octavio Farnese, in Parma, in one group; in which he succeeded to the highest satisfaction of those princes. This picture I saw at the *Capo de Monte* at Naples, and it is indeed one of the very finest examples of portrait in the whole world, particularly in point of the expression, which is inimitable. Mr. Fuseli, who was then with me, looking at this picture said, 'That is true history!' " i. 262-3.

Munificently rewarded by the Pope, he quitted Rome, and proceeded to the court of Charles V. at Germany.

"At this time the Emperor assigned Titian a pension of two hundred crowns a year, on the Chamber of Naples. When afterwards painted the portrait of Philip II., the Emperor's son, the latter also granted him a pension for life of another two hundred crowns a year. These two pensions, making four hundred crowns a year, with the three before granted to him from the Fondaco de Tedeschi by the Senate of Venice, made together seven hundred crowns *per annum* (independent of any other gains from his works), a great sum at that period." i. 304.

In 1553 he visited Spain, and "during his residence there he executed many admirable works, and received princely rewards for them. Charles gave him the Key, the order of Santiago, at Brussels; and in 1553 constituted him Count Palatine of the Empire, at Barcelona." i. 309.

He had previously been made a knight and count of the holy Lateran Palace, and of the Imperial court and consistory.

"These honours it is the more necessary to recall to the reader's attention, as they are at this time so totally absorbed and lost in the splendour of his single name, so universally known from his eminent talents, that it seems like a jest even to mention the inferior distinctions bestowed on him by earthly princes; for he was a man endowed by heaven with such transcendent abilities, that, to use the words of Kneller in speaking of himself, 'he was one of God Almighty's noblemen.' However, these favours we find alarmed the jealousy of the

nobles both of Germany and Spain, though their envy drew no other answer from Charles than that he had many nobles in his empire, but only one Titian. The painter, it is said, who was at no great distance employed upon some picture, overheard the retort with conscious satisfaction, and as he made his reverence to the Emperor, dropped one of his pencils on the floor; the courteous monarch took it up, and delivering it to Titian, who was confounded by this second mark of condescension, said, that 'to wait on Titian was service for an Emperor.' Charles not only graced this eminent artist with splendid titles and distinctions as above mentioned, but he gave him more solid marks of his favour, assigning him a pension of four hundred ducats per annum, besides a munificent compensation for every picture he executed for him, and frequently sending him large sums of money, which were always accompanied by this obliging testimony, 'That his design was not to pay him the value of his pictures, because they were above all price.' And certainly Titian's excellence was so great, that had the Emperor or the Duke of Ferrara granted him far greater largesses, they would not have more than rewarded his merit." i. 311-12.

"Charles had a very high opinion of him indeed; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said with emphasis, 'This is the third time I have triumphed over death.'" i. 315.

Age now came on apace, and with it came carelessness;—"for his first pictures are finished with most incredible diligence, so as to bear examining near, and yet look well at a distance also; but the works he did about this time are full of strokes and spots, after a certain bold manner, so that they seemed nothing when viewed close, though they looked well at a distance as if perfectly finished. This last manner of his many painters have endeavoured to imitate, by which they have made very gross and random work. They have been tempted to imagine it done with ease; but in this they are much mistaken, as it is the result of very long practice and vast judgment, earned from experience, and so far from being easy, that it is impossible to do it well without a long life of preparation. And as it demonstrates the great master of the art, the ignorant are captivated, and conceive that it can be performed at will, not apprehending the infinite labour it has cost to acquire this seeming facility. If the painter should be asked how long he was about the picture done in so masterly and free a style, he might give the answer of one of the moderns on a similar occasion, to wit—"All my life!" i. 327-8.

He continued to paint, and was honoured with commissions from Philip of Spain and the Queen of Portugal. In 1553, "he painted the portraits of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, afterwards Emperor, also his Queen and family—that is to say, Maximilian, afterwards Emperor, and his brother, all in one picture, which is said to have been one of his finest productions." In 1574, "Titian being then in the ninety-fourth year of his age, Henry the Third came from Poland (where he had been king) to take possession of the throne of France, after the death of his brother Charles the Ninth: but he could not pass through Venice without visiting Titian, whose praises were sung by all the poets of his time." ii. 53.

In 1576, having lived to the age of ninety-six, he died of the plague. It is somewhat curious—and we are surprised that it has not been before remarked—that nearly all the Italian painters lived to an advanced age. Spennello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani 91; Michael Angelo 90; Leonardo da Vinci 75; Calabresi 86; Claude Lorraine 82; Carlo Maratta 88; Tentoretti 82; Sebastian Ricci 78; Francesco Albano 88; Guido 68; Guercino 76;

John Baptist Crespi 76; Giuseppe Crespi 82; Carlo Dolce 70; Andrew Sacchi 74; Zuccharelli 86; Vernet 77; Schidon 76. The list might be considerably extended.

We have already commended the notices of Titian's contemporaries. The correspondence of Aretin, Vasari, and Michael Angelo, are, to use a market phrase, "worth any money." The anecdotes are not many. We observe, too, that while Mr. Northcote does not deny the inclination of Titian to be jealous and mean occasionally, he omits to give us a record of greatness of mind in his hero. It is to him that the world is indebted for the preservation of Correggio's "Assumption." That beautiful piece, in the Cathedral at Parma, was actually intended for speedy obliteration by the tasteless canons, when Titian, passing through the town in the suite of Charles V., ran to see it. One of the canons told him of their intention of defacing it. "Have a care of what you do," replied Titian, in the style of Alexander to Diogenes; "if I were not Titian, I would certainly wish to be Correggio."

The second part of the work—i. e. the compiled second biography—is well deserving attention. In the chapter "On the Encouragement of Art in England and Italy," we recognize the Northcote of the "Conversations." In the Appendix there is an "Inquiry whether the Fine Arts are promoted by Academies and Public Institutions," from the pen of Hazlitt. It is in his most *recherché* style.

Here we pause. Want of space—that editorial plague—compels to a conclusion. We had intended offering some remarks on the devotedness to his art, which, as much as any thing perhaps, caused the success of Titian; and we had marked many anecdotes for quotation—but a future opportunity may allow our doing so.—We conclude with an opinion, that, although the work before us does not equal the expectation the "Conversations" excited, and though it is meagre in the details of Titian's private life, (it does not once mention his personal appearance or his private habits,) still it is written with elegance and truth, and may be considered valuable as the biography of one of the finest colourists Italy—the world—ever knew.

The Gentleman in Black; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, 1830. Kidd.

WHAT a title! It is full of mystery and gloom. Who can this "Gentleman" be? Is he the Euphuist of the shades?—has he a Plutonic cross in his boiling blood?—can it, indeed, be he, as Lord Byron says,

Miscalled the Morning Star!

In plain words, the hero of this tale of *diablerie* turns out to be the identical personage with whom Mr. Robert Montgomery is on visiting terms, and whose "Progress" Mr. T. K. Hervey has recently given in very euphonic rhymes.

It is true, however, he does not appear redolent of naphthal odours, Stygian perfumes, or sulphurous ambrosia. He is introduced as a money-lender, and is twice outwitted—once by a lawyer, and, secondly, by a Jesuit! The story runs thus:—A certain Louis Desonges, who is reduced to his last five-franc piece, asks himself the natural question, "What the devil must I do?" Talk of a certain person, says the proverb, and he appears at your elbow. A middle-aged gentleman, habited in black, with a loose Geneva cloak, as an upper garment, of the same colour, suddenly introduces himself, and, after some conversation, offers unlimited wealth, and uninterrupted health, on the simple condition of M. Desonges agreeing

"to sin for a single second this year, two seconds the next, to double it the third, and so on with each succeeding year." Besides this, all former sins, and all committed in future, over and above the stipulated agreement, are taken in account, and allowed, in a tradesman-like manner. Louis accepts the terms. Much about the same time a similar bargain is struck by the "Gentleman in Black" with a certain Charles Maxwell, of most uncertain habits of expenditure. Both heroes are in love: the Frenchman with Emilie, the daughter of a poor and proud Count de Tien à la Cour; and the Englishman, with Clara Haultaught, the daughter of a gallant British Admiral. After many previous adventures together, (for they meet at Paris,) the young gentlemen are wedded to the young ladies. Years grow on apace. Repentance follows, as the sum of sin to be committed, "per contract," grows enormously large. Maxwell lays the case before his lawyer, Bagsby, who meets the "Gentleman in Black," and finally outwits him. Louis (who has become Le Comte d'Ormale), likewise employs the same professional assistance—a Jesuit is called into consultation, and, between the lawyer and the priest, the devil is again tricked out of his contract!

A rich vein of subdued humour runs through the work. The character of Bagsby is quite a hit; and the scene in which he overreaches Beelzebub is given with much effect. The interest flags towards the close, as if the author had made too much of a good thought, and hunted it down. But the first half of the volume—as far as the extrication of Maxwell from his infernal bargain—is as Cruikshank-ish in style, as the illustrations are in reality. These are admirable. The best of them is that grotesque one representing the devil outwitted. Bagsby's supercilious glance of triumph is given to the life. The surprise of the fiend is not less ably managed. The sketch wherein he sends the musket out of the hands of the gendarme, is laughable in the extreme. There it is, sticking in the ceiling, to the mousquetaire's great surprise.—The interview between Bagsby and the "Gentleman in Black" is also good. But are they not all by Cruikshank, in his happiest style—and need we add, that they are excellent?

The volume will serve to pass away one of the long nights of the present suicidal month.

The Remembrance. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. London, 1830. Jennings & Chaplin.

THIS is the first appearance of "The Remembrance," in exterior, possessing equal beauty with its rivals, and containing the same order of literature, and the same style of embellishment. There is, in fact, so much uniformity in the *Annals*, that we can hardly vary our word of commendation. We cannot give a fairer specimen of the literary talent of the volume, than by a few short extracts from the "Capture of a Conspirator," which is written in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie:

"At this moment a voice was heard from the other side of the way:—

"'Qui vive?' it bawled, in an authoritative tone, and in the instant the voice of the crowd sunk into silence.

"'Qui vive?' again demanded the challenger, and, the villagers opening their ranks, two men,

one shouldering a single, and one a double-barrelled fowling-piece, gravely approached me, and begged to have the honour of seeing Monsieur's papers.

"Papers! what papers?—Do you mean my passport?—it is at home."

"Then Monsieur must permit us to conduct him to the mairie."

"Nonsense! I am an inhabitant of the neighbourhood; I live in the village of Cornelles—go about your business!" By this time an alarming suspicion had entered my head.—I imagined that the rascals wanted to bamboozle me out of a few francs! and believing myself to be attacked in that most sensitive of all parts, the pocket, my wrath arose in natural proportion. The *qui vive* men, however, were resolute; they did not, indeed, show fight, which Englishmen, in a similar situation, would certainly have done; but they took me, for all that, *volens volens* to the mairie.

"Surely, Mr. Mayor," said I, taking the first word,—it cannot be by your orders that these men have thus waylaid a peaceable inhabitant of the neighbourhood?"

"Certainly not, Sir," replied the mayor: "we disturb no peaceable inhabitant whatever;—who are you?"

"I am an Englishman."

"That is bad—very bad. What profession do you follow?"

"Literature."

"Very—very bad," repeated the mayor. "Show me your passport."

"That I have left it at home."

"You have at least some letter or other paper which may prove who and what you are?"

"Not a line," said I, rummaging—"not a scrap—not a scrawl!"

"Then I must send you a prisoner to Caen. Sit down, sir, while I write; I am very sorry, but it is my duty—yes, I must send you a prisoner to Caen. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"Then do tell me, for heaven's sake," cried I, "allowing the circumstances to be suspicious, of what it is that you suspect me?"

"That is the worst of all," said the mayor; "this ignorance appears to me to be very singular indeed. You know that there are houses burnt down in this arrondissement almost every night, and that these atrocities are popularly ascribed to political causes. You must have heard that the liberals accuse the ministers, and the ministers the liberals; while a great many of both parties, including perhaps a majority of the people, believe the English government to be at the bottom of all. You—an Englishman—in this disturbed state of the country, are found strolling and peeping about the village; you do not know why you are here; you cannot tell what it is you want; you have not a paper about you of any description—and yet you ask of what it is you are suspected!"

"It is agreeable even to form one of a crowd gazing at any object of frantic curiosity; but to be the lion yourself—to see an ocean of heads rocking and rushing around you—the men jumping upon one another's shoulders to get a peep at your face, and the women turning away their eyes with a half-scream when encountered by yours—I wish I was there yet! Then in a French crowd the affair is better managed than in sulky, surly, old England. It is not the broadest chest and the sharpest elbows that carry the day on the sunny plains of Normandy. There valour yields the pass to beauty, and strength lies down, like the sagacious lion, at the feet of virgin innocence. My armed sentinels were forgotten; for I was guarded, or rather the entrance of the prison was stormed, by at least two hundred of the prettiest girls in the world, with more peril in their eyes than fifty of their fowling-pieces. At first some little irritation was the consequence of the struggle among these

gentle creatures, and lovely cheeks grew red, and even brows black; but I restored peace in an instant by offering to admit them all, one at a time, beginning with the prettiest. The sally was received with shrill shouts of laughter and applause, and the fair villagers stood lovingly with their arms about one another's necks, and gazed their fill at the terrible Englishman who had the heart to joke in so awful a situation. There is something in the gait and carriage of a Norman girl in the spring of her beauty, taken in conjunction with her holiday dress (although that is of the purest white), which reminds me irresistibly of a *Peacock*; and it will be understood, therefore, that a crowd of these gay creatures must be a pretty spectacle."

Our hero was afterwards liberated from his captivity, to the great joy of all the lads and lasses who had so kindly borne him company in his distress. We shall conclude our present notice with the insertion of some pretty stanzas from the pen of Mrs. Hemans.

Music from Shore.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,

A sweet and lovely sound!

Piercing the tumult of the seas,

That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land, it comes,

From hills with murmuring trees,

From paths by still and happy homes—

That sweet sound on the breeze!

Why should its faint and passing sigh

Thus bid my quick pulse leap?

—No part in Earth's glad melody

Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot

Whence these rich breathings flow!

Kind hearts, although they know me not,

Like mine must beat and glow.

And blessings, from the bark that roams

O'er solitary seas,

To those that far in happy homes

Give sweet sounds to the breeze!

The Iris: a Literary and Religious Offering.
Edited by the Rev. T. Dale, M.A. London;
S. Low.

We have read this beautiful volume with the more attention, from the brief illiberal notice of it in the *Booksellers' Gazette*. We were at a loss to understand the meaning of the contempt there thrown on it, until Mr. Low, the publisher, kindly explained the mystery; and we refer all who are curious in the history of literary criticism to him.

On the criticism itself we have a word to say;—we are told that, with the exception of Mrs. Hall's "Curse of Property," and one other paper, there is nothing in the volume that rises even to mediocrity. Now, we are not disposed to write down Mrs. Hall, because a critic, acting on the "ka-me ka-thee" system, chooses to overrate her ability. Mrs. Hall is a clever woman, and plays very pleasantly on her one-stringed instrument; but, though we know very well that the Halls *together* play on many instruments—that they have at least three or four publications under their direct influence—we cannot honestly go farther; and we believe they have good sense enough to admit that we have gone far enough—that we have always done Mrs. Hall full justice—and that it is folly, and flattery, to speak of the "Curse of Property" after this absurd fashion. What does the critic say to "Judith"?—to "A Scene of the Pestilence"?—but the prose pieces are too long to adduce in evidence, and therefore, as a sample of the poetry of the volume, we select the poem that illustrates the splendid picture by Domenichino, so finely engraved by W. Finden.

St. John the Evangelist.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.
If minds were moulded of the elements,
Some, we might think, were formed in cloudy tents
Of rattling thunders; while the lightning's stream
Baptized them at their birth, so much they seem

Creatures of storm and fire. Still blazing on
Wherever strife is stirred and honour won,
They peal above the factions of this world
Like thunder among Alpine mountains buried.
But the beloved Seer, whose even mind
In loving Christ had learned to love mankind,
Why was he named of Thunder? Storms of life
Ne'er roused his gentle spirit into strife,
But as a lake, around whose margin rise
Tall woods and cliffs, that seem to touch the skies;—
Fenced from intrusive winds, serenely blue,
Takes from the sky its deepest, purest hue,
And lies so still, a child his skiff might guide,
E'en in his mother's sight, across its tide—
So in his soul such love and peace combined,
Learnt from his Lord, that not a holy mind
But loves to anchor 'midst the truths he taught
As on a tide of love—a sea of holy thought.
Love coloured his existence—holy love,
Which Angels feel, and ransomed Saints above:
There his thoughts centred, thence his strains arose,
Nor till the end of Time shall round us close,
Will those sweet echoes of his spirit die,
But live, the music of Eternity!

In early days, the fiercer name bestowed
Marked that his soul had been a thunder-cloud,
When pride and passion forged their bolts of ire;
But grace, extinguishing the restless fire,
Could make his gentle mien, his placid face,
Attest the calm within. Blest work of grace!
Here pictured see it all:—Devotion, peace,
Meekness and musings high, and tenderness!

The thing that portrait seems, Believer! be,
And charm the world as that now pleases thee.
Henceforth may Wisdom guide the course of youth;
Not Passion away thee, but the force of Truth;
Thy love, no longer fanciful, but just,
Make thee nor rudely judge, nor rashly trust;
Humble, not mean; though holy, not austere;
Active, yet calm, with conscience good and clear,—
Live thou to draw men to the heavenly road,
Then die to reign with thy incarnate God!

We might extract further: there are many other poems quite equal to this; and for those whose minds are sobered down to the right feeling for "a Religious Offering." *The Iris* is a very excellent volume, and, both in embellishment and literature, equal to the average of the *Annals*.

Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati. Edited
by W. J. Banks, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

Our last notice left Finati on his return to Cairo. His stay in that city was pleasantly diversified by a letter from Fatima—the infidelity of his wife—and a divorce. Having thus settled his domestic affairs, he acted for some time as a sort of agent for the purchase of horses to a British officer;—he then gives an interesting account of the sudden rise and fall, and miserable fate of Letif Pasha; and soon after set out again for the army, now under the successful command of Mahomet Ali himself. The siege of Conflita, though narrated with all the detail of its fierce brutalities and sufferings, has but little interest;—the defeat of the army to which he was attached, and their consequent suffering and privation, were not at all agreeable to our hero, who hit upon the old expedient of deserting—not, as he observes, critically, "that the step had the character of a complete desertion, since I determined to join the main body of the army;"—and a desperate step it was, in a man who knew nothing of the country—a country destitute of everything, and overrun by the victorious enemy; and a fearful and interesting picture is given of his sufferings in this perilous journey. The account of Mecca, and of the pilgrims and ceremonies, is curious; and the reader may take the following in proof:—

"Many of the pilgrims go through the ceremony of making the entire circuit of the city upon the outside, and the order in which this is performed is as follows:—The devotee first goes without the gates, and, after presenting himself there to the religious officer who presides, throws

off all his clothes, and takes a sort of large wrapping garment in lieu of them to cover himself; upon which he sets off, walking at a very quick pace, or rather running, to reach the nearest of the four corners of the city, a sort of guide going with him at the same rate all the way, who prompts certain ejaculations or prayers which he ought to make at particular spots as he passes; at every angle he finds a barber, who, with wonderful quickness, wets and shaves one quarter of his head: and so on, till he has reached the barber at the fourth angle, who completes the work. After which the pilgrim takes his clothes again, and has finished that act of devotion." i. 265-6.

Finati now desired to speak with Mahomet Ali, and the means he had recourse to, in the hope of gaining an audience, are curiously illustrative of the manners of the East:—

"I determined on adopting the course which had been sometimes previously resorted to with success: that is to say, having got a memorial written for me in the Turkish language, I took it in my hand, and stood, holding it up directly facing one of the windows of the house which the Pasha occupied, hoping that, as he sometimes looked out that way, he might see me, and call me to him. . . .

"It was not, however, until after I had stood in this manner during the greater part of six days, that I at last succeeded in catching the Pasha's eye; who sent for me, and read the memorial; upon which he fell into the greatest rage imaginable; for, as it appeared, he had been informed but very imperfectly (so cautious had been the language of the despatches, and of the officers charged with them) of the failure and disasters at Confüta, and desired me to give him, for the first time, a detailed account of them.

"He listened to me with the most patient attention, throwing in very acute questions every now and then; and when I proceeded to state my own destitute condition, he said that I ought to have gone on at once to Taif, where I should have found other regiments, in which I might have been enrolled; and upon this he gave me five hundred piastres to supply my immediate wants, and the expenses of my journey, and ordered me to set out without fail on the very next day, charging me strictly, at the same time, to tell no one in the interim how it came about that I was at Mecca, since it was of importance that no reverse or check should become generally talked of." i. 261-4.

The journey to Taif, like everything in the volume, is Eastern—night journeys and blazing noons, reclining under trees, by cool streams; and the description of the approach to Taif breathes of spicy Araby:—

"Not setting forward again till about sunset, it was just dawn when we got the first view of Taif, which was delightful and refreshing to us all; for, though very small in itself, it is so surrounded with gardens, and with odoriferous plants, that the air is quite perfumed to a very considerable distance." i. 274.

Here he enrolled himself, and had soon after the pleasure of meeting his old friends from Confüta. After marchings and counter-marchings, and sieges and battles, under the personal command of Mahomet Ali, of whose intelligence, courage, and sound policy, we have many interesting facts, Finati and his regiment were ordered off for Djidda to embark for Egypt:—

"Although we had found less mortality in Mecca itself than we expected, our hearts sunk within us when this port was named, for nothing could exceed the accounts of desolation and horror received from all that neighbourhood;

and however strongly the belief in predestination may harden Mahometans, our regiment could not forbear murmuring at being sent into peril so open and gratuitous; but we were answered, that it was at our own desire, that supplies would fail if we delayed, and that transports were waiting for us there.

"We set out, therefore, with very bitter forebodings, and I never shall forget the exclamation of our officer who led us—'How much better would it have been to have died in the field, than to go thus to perish like rotten cattle at Djidda!'

"But no description can convey a just image of the desperate and deplorable state in which we found that town when we entered it. The streets were all empty, and the shops shut; corpses were seen lying and putrefying upon every side, all compassion and decency were at an end, there was no care to bury the dead, nor even so much as to remove them, so greatly had the mortality and the terror of the contagion spread: no house where there were any living persons would admit us, and we took up our quarters in those where every inhabitant had been swept away, for the vessels were either not yet ready, or afraid of taking us on board.

"Under such circumstances it was not to be expected that we should escape infection; our officers were amongst the first who sickened, and it spread so generally among the men also, that in my own company, which consisted of twenty-eight, eight only recovered and survived.

"I was not myself quite so soon attacked as many others, and thus was able to nurse and attend upon my comrades and superiors during several days: my own turn, however, came before long, and I fell into as bad a condition as any of them; under which, perhaps, my spirits, naturally cheerful and sanguine, did more than any thing to support me, and to carry me through it, for it was not long before the disorder seemed to take a favourable turn, and the tumours, which had risen on various parts of my body, gradually subsided.

"It was not till after a delay, however, of five and twenty days, passed in these dismal extremities, that we embarked, greatly reduced in numbers, and with few amongst us who were not either actually sick, or still suffering under the effects of this desolating plague: hence the scene on board became dreadful; the want of space, the stench of disease, the restlessness, the complaints, the groans were quite intolerable: many sunk under their sufferings out of pure weakness; many, who had thought themselves cured, relapsed, or were a second time infected, so that nothing was to be seen but agony and death upon the deck and below, and corpses thrown into the sea.

"Disgust and desperation got to such a height, that all joined in entreating the captain of the vessel to set us any where on shore, rather than let us perish in this miserable manner before we could reach the port of Suez. But his instructions not permitting this, we ourselves seized the opportunity when we touched at Ras Mahomet, the very first foreland of the region of Mount Sinai, where we all set up a shout of gladness as soon as we had crept out of that dismal ship, and it was in vain that we were invited to return to it.

"The eagerness and joy of the moment made us overlook every sort of precaution or preparation for the journey: we had left, therefore, our tents, our provisions, and even our arms on board, with everything, without exception, that belonged to us; and in this destitute condition, weak and reduced as we were, we set forward to make way across the desert: and even the fatigues and privations of three days could not induce us to repent of the steps that we had taken: it may, indeed, be doubted, whether the want of covering, and of food, as well as the

state of exertion forced upon us, had not, on the whole, a beneficial effect, for though we suffered much by the way, few of us were the worse for it, and not one died.

"The first district of cultivation which we reached was the Vale of Tor, where we provided ourselves with what we wanted; and hiring camels, on which some rode double, and some by turns, made our way round to Suez, where we found that the vessel had arrived before us.

"There, when an account was taken of our numbers, it appeared that we could muster no more than one hundred and nine; and the reader will have an estimate of our losses, when informed that the complement had amounted to five hundred and fifty soldiers, besides their officers." ii. 45-51.

After these long and frightful sufferings, it was very natural that he and his companions should return to Cairo with light hearts;—their march, indeed, seems to have been a sort of processional triumph.

The revolt of the troops, and the sacking of the city, show that the attempt of the Pasha to introduce the European discipline into his army, was certainly as bold and hazardous a change of policy as we have been accustomed to think it. When there was so much secrecy as to the intentions of the troops, and so much concert—there must have been (says Finati,) some prime mover and ringleader; but it is very remarkable that no clue was ever obtained towards ascertaining this point. The following from Belzoni, is a very pretty and pleasant commentary upon the simplicity of our author:—

"I have reason to think that the Bashaw knew who the chief instigators were; for we found that several persons shortly after died of sudden deaths, and, indeed, many of the chiefs and beys disappeared."

"For my own part," (says Finati,) "I had been up to that time sitting peacefully in a coffee-house, but I saw so many of my acquaintance with booty, and the appetite for it was become so universal among them, that I felt myself at last seized with something of the same spirit, and set out upon my adventures accordingly, to see what I could lay hands on.

"Knowing a particular street, in which several of the houses belonged to men of substance, I made for that, and, seeing the door of one of them standing open, I went in, but no sooner had I commenced my search, than a thief, who was already there, just touched me in passing, and went off with both of the pistols out of my girdle, which he drew out so skilfully, that I did not perceive the loss at the moment, though I missed them immediately afterwards. I flatter myself that no better proof will be wanting, that I was no great adept in the profession of plundering; yet I resolved to persist in my scrutiny of the contents of that house, if it were but to indemnify myself for the loss of my arms.

"Little seemed to remain there, excepting a chest, which was large and heavy, and so well secured, that I could not force it open; it made a rattling sound when removed, that gave me a high idea of the value of its contents, but to carry it off alone I found would be impossible; I therefore fetched a comrade, and letting him into the secret, we together hired an Arab porter, whom we met with, and putting the load upon his shoulders, promised him two or three piastres for his pains.

"I borrowed one of my partner's pistols, and thus, weapon in hand, we both walked before our prize in triumph, to defend it from the possibility of a rescue, till we got it into a safe place, and dismissed our porter. With what eagerness did we then unite our strength in forcing the lid, when, behold! instead of the plate or dollars

which we had promised ourselves, we had carried off a case of the commonest crockery ware, not worth the piastres paid for its transport. My confederate fell to laughing with all his heart, but for my own part, independent of the vexation and disappointment of having plundered to so little account, I felt not a little regret at having lost my pistols, which were mounted in silver gilt, and had cost me a hundred scudi." ii. 66-69.

After this he entered the service of Mr. Bankes, the editor of the present work, and embarked on the Nile for Upper Egypt:—

"Afterwards, as we approached the Cataract, we sailed through the most remarkable cloud of locusts that I have ever seen. They were passing over from the westward, and seemed rather to fall through the air, like a driven snow-storm, than to fly with any guidance of their own, lighting indiscriminately upon land or water as it happened. Our vessels and clothes were covered with them; and the poor natives of Elephantina and Assouan were standing in their fields and gardens, upon piles of earth and stones, endeavouring to keep them off with the same shrill cries, and slinging of pebbles, which they usually employ against the birds in harvest time." ii. 75-76.

In this voyage he did not ascend higher than the second cataract; and there is nothing of interest in the brief narrative, excepting some strange tokens of hospitality and compliment received from the natives:—

"As we lay at anchor, an old man came forward of himself with a palm branch in his hand, of which he had frayed out all the leaves into slender filaments, and had attached to each of them a living locust. He ascertained who was the chief of our party, and presented to him this uncouth offering. We could not discover whether this was any usage of the country, or only a caprice of his own; but upon our inquiring what was to be done with these insects, he replied that they were to be eaten, and, at our request, cooked them for us himself, first pulling off their wings, and then frying the remainder in butter, which we found crisp to the taste, and not wholly unlike a shrimp.

"This dainty was never offered to us in any other instance; but in our walks along the river side we found the wings scattered in a manner that gave proofs of its furnishing no very uncommon repast." ii. 77-78.

There was, indeed, only one instance where the natives showed the slightest ill-will to the travellers:—

"The only risk, or sign of ill-disposition, on the part of the inhabitants, that occurred above the cataract, was in this island [Philæ,] where, in Barthow's absence (who was gone to refit the boat for us below, I had remained alone with Mr. Bankes, but was not always at his side during his researches. One morning a small crowd had collected round him whilst he was drawing in the portico of the principal temple, and one of the number became very importunate and troublesome in demanding a present, and at last even thrust his hand across the paper, in token that the work should not proceed without it; this rudeness had produced some irritation; and, when, upon hearing the stir, I came in, I found that the Nubian had drawn his little crooked knife, which is worn buckled upon the left arm, and was holding it in the most menacing position.

I was putting my hand to my pistols (for Mr. Bankes himself went unarmed), and the natives were beginning to take part with their countryman, when, luckily, Barthow appeared in sight upon the shore opposite, accompanied by the Cashief of Assouan, who came thus far to do honour to the stranger, and to the recommen-

dation with which he was furnished by the Pasha of Egypt.

"The sight of such a person in authority, with soldiers about him, was sufficient not only to put an end to all disturbance, but to send off every inhabitant precipitately from the island,—all, with one accord, throwing themselves into the water; such among them as had clothes, rolling them up upon their heads, some swimming, and others paddling along astride upon their logs of wood, till they reached the further bank, and got into hiding-places." ii. 86-89.

Some of the monuments of ancient grandeur are described very naturally and graphically; and he manages in this way to convey a better notion of their scale and dimensions to the hasty reader, than perhaps the accurate measurement itself might have done. Thus,

"At Addé, on the east bank, is a fine chamber in the rock with columns, and but a little lower down on the opposite side are the two wonderful excavations of Abousombul, of which the smaller was very perfect and entire, and could be entered; but a drift of sand from the desert had covered so great a portion of the larger temple, that no vestige of a door was at that time to be seen, nor anything of the four great colossal figures, beyond the bust of one of them, of which the dimensions however were so vast, that when I stood upon a level with the necklace I could hardly reach the beard, and one of our sailors climbed and sat astride upon the ear; yet the countenance, seen at its proper distance, appeared very beautiful." ii. 81-82.

We shall conclude our notice in the next number.

The Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion. By James Douglas, Esq. 1830. Black, Edinburgh; Longman, London.

It is a matter of no little satisfaction to us, amid the hebdomadal drudgery of literary investigation, to meet with a book which repays our labour. This is by no means a matter of common occurrence in these days of profuse and spurious literature. We are often absolutely wearied with wading through the trash that comes before us; but we feel that it is our duty to go through it, although we should be shoulder deep, in order that we may hold up a hand to the public to beware of the bog, and at the same time, show those flattering readers who depend upon our judgments where they may turn into the fat pastures.

We have read the work before us with unusual pleasure. It is clearly the production of no ordinary mind. Mr. Douglas has grappled boldly with the difficulties of his subject, and levelled them fairly to the apprehensions of general readers. His object is to show by what means society has advanced or retrograded, together with the causes of its advance or retrogression. Our space does not allow us to give such a synopsis of the work as will convey an idea adequate to its character and claims. We can only, therefore, refer the reader to the book itself, from which we proceed to give an extract or two, as specimens of Mr. Douglas's style and manner of reasoning.

"Shakspeare, along with Bacon, Milton, and Newton, marks respectively, not only the greatest height which the intellect is capable of ascending, but indicate those periods of civil and religious conflict, when the energy of a nation is called forth, and the strength which was at first exercised in political convulsions, passes at length from action to contemplation. It is at such epochs, and from such men mutually enkindling each other's genius, that the most signal advancements have been derived, to whom the progress of society, retarded at other times

almost to a full stop, owes its rapid accelerations. These are the master spirits we need at the present moment, to lend their aid to science and literature; to enrich what is sterile, and reinvigorate what is effete; to engraft the scattered branches upon one living stock; to make the same vital sap circulate through them all; and to clothe their naked outline with the blossoms of a new spring; and, like the fabled soul of the world, to warm and actuate every member of the inert and disjointed mass, with the presence of a prolific and informing intelligence."

Mr. Douglas imagines four eras in which the advancement of society has been conspicuous.

"It thus appears, to sum up what has been already noticed, within what narrow spaces and brief limits the progress of society are confined. Some remembrances of antediluvian knowledge; some partial elements of sciences that had perished; obscure recollections of the history of a former world, gradually assuming a mythological cast, and the truncated basis of a common language which was beginning to shoot out again into various dialects, about to become the mother languages of the many-tongued earth, formed the hereditary stock of those who had escaped the deluge, and had their first seats between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

"A second advancement, and a second state of society, arose from the empires founded on the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the rivers of the farthest east—where the elements of lost science were again wrought up into systems of knowledge, but of knowledge which even in its infancy was corrupted by superstition; still, however, presenting an immense mass of opinions, mixed with perverted analogies, and expressed in symbols or in languages intelligible only to one initiated class. This civilization, diffused over the finest portion of the earth, and spreading from the Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean, still exists, with sciences real or pretended, in India and China, down to the present day: yet it is difficult to estimate the progress made where advancement is so mingled with wanderings, and truth with error; and where civilization continues to entail so much misery upon mankind.

"The third and most rapid and illustrious civilization is that of Greece, confined to a narrow space, while progressive, though, after it had ceased to rise, extended in breadth over a wide and populous region—the most marvellous in its secret and sudden origin, and reaching the height of humanity in its various attainments; and, as if exhausting the mind by superhuman efforts, succeeded by a long period of unproductiveness and imitation.

"After the Roman, Arabic, and Gothic imitators of the Greeks, we arrive at the fourth period of advancement, the successful and fruitful period which has elapsed from the revival of letters to the present time; which unites in some measure the triumphant results of Grecian genius to the more extensive civilization of the early monarchies; yet, even during this course of more steady and uniform amelioration, we perceive narrower limits and longer intervals than might at first have been anticipated; and though all Europe has been advancing, it is advancing by the labours of a few. First Italy, then France and England, and latterly Germany, have borne the heat and burden of the day, and even in these countries the light of knowledge has only shone upon a few eminences, while the primitive darkness, scarcely disturbed, has rested on the body of the people. When we regard more narrowly, we see that this advancement is chiefly owing to some powerful political struggle which calls out from obscurity men who would otherwise have slumbered away their lives, or to some eminent genius who enkindles round him a cluster of similar minds,

where each reflects and multiplies the brightness of which all are partakers." p. 49—52.

We quit this volume with respect for its author, and most cordially recommend it to all true lovers of wholesome and instructive reading.

Musical Memoirs; comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from the Commemoration of Handel in 1784, to the year 1830: interspersed with numerous Anecdotes, &c. By W. T. Parke. 2 vols. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THERE are many kinds of impertinence in this world, but few more offensive than that which obtrudes itself upon public notice, to recall to life the dull vivacities and doubtful jests of our sires and grandfathers, who flourished the little heroes of a little coterie some quarter or half century ago,—jest, both practical and verbal, dear to the gentle dulness of their own days, but which have long since become stale by repetition, were fast wearing out of the remembrance, and would leave no trace of their existence to the next generation, were it not for these literary resurrection-men raking up their extinct and buried follies.

We have had of late years, Mike Kelly, Fred. Reynolds, Old Dibdin, gentle Mr. Brasbridge, and ungente George Colman, (that united emblem of *Saint George* and the *Dragon*), and lately Mr. Bernard, each in his turn treating us with the thin potations of his own "home made," which he would fain have us swallow as the true Falernian. And now, that there may not be wanting "in the lowest depth a lower deep," Mr. T. Parke, "forty years Principal Oboist to the T.R.C.G.," must give us the double bass of his "Musical Memoirs." There is something more than natural in all this, if philosophers could find it out;—is it vanity or interest? is it lust of fame or fear of famine bids them write? do they seek, or are they sought for by the book-sellers? do they pay, or are they paid for these their amateur performances? There are secrets in all trades, but some day or other we shall have a quarrel springing up between the knight of the pen and the knight of the paper, which will lay bare and "pluck out the heart of their mystery."

As to these Memoirs, we had some thoughts of treating of them at greater length, but it would be an offence to our readers. Any one in possession of a file of play and concert bills for the last fifty years, and idle enough to weave them into a narrative with a running commentary, might produce such another work, without the prejudices and the offences both of commission and omission that disfigure it. Even those who have so filed and tamed down their intellect as to derive entertainment from these autogarrulities heretofore, will be induced to pause here, and, after reading them, will, we think, look back with surprise at the gradual descent of their mind from the healthy high-ground to these, the very lowlands of literature.

These volumes are indeed most flat and dull, and, we think, must turn out most unprofitable.

[We have resolved to clear our table of some of the light literature that weighs so heavy on it, and trust we shall have stopped some of the hundred mouths that are eternally barking at us.]

The English and French Pictorial Vocabulary. By N. Whittock. London, 1830. Whittaker.

To be taught French by pictures!—just as, in former days, children were taught the English alphabet by the very sensible method of "A was an apple," with, of course, a picture of the said fruit staining the purity of the innocent paper! 'Tis passing strange. There is some novelty in the present application of the idea; and although it seems ludicrous to the imagina-

tion, it is quite the reverse in reality. The book will catch the attention of children, and when that is once awakened, the remainder of the matter is not so very difficult. It gets through "le premier pas." There are about a hundred pictures, illustrative of about five hundred words, of most general occurrence in the French tongue.

An Abridgment of Zumpt's Latin Grammar, for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A. London, 1830. Fellowes.

THIS is, without exception, the most intelligible Latin grammar which has come under our notice. Young people may easily comprehend it. No necessary information is omitted, and nothing irrelevant introduced. It deserves to be popular.

Modern French Spelling-book.—Le Trésor de l'Ecolier Français, 3d edit.—*Le Petit Secrétaire Parisien*, 3d edit.—*French Grammatical Annotations; or, Observations on several Combinations of the Parts of Speech*, 2nd edit. By Mons. L. P. R. Fenwick de Porquet, de Paris. London, 1830. Simpkin & Marshall.

THESE are very useful little works, but we must condemn the author's puffing prefaces—to an English public it is impertinent.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera; with an Ordo and Verbal Translation. By John Stirling, D.D. &c. London, 1830. Ward.

DR. NUTTAL—who had performed a similar duty towards Juvenal and part of Virgil—has extended the interlineal system of translation to the present edition of the works of Horace, in four pocket volumes. He has somewhat improved on the original translation, and not only will the work be useful to those learning (or teaching themselves) to read Horace, but a pleasant companion to those whose acquaintance with this jovial bard is of a school-day date.

The Sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton. London, 1830. E. Moxon.

AMIDST the general rage for joint-stock companies, and partnerships for all purposes, it is pleasant to see this posthumous association of two great names, even though their joint-stock consist only of their minor productions. We cannot help thinking, that had they lived in the same times, and had fortune cast them in companionship together, they would have exercised a wholesome influence upon each other,—the asperity of the "sour republican" being softened by the lively humour of the "pleasant fellow upon town," whose wit might in turn have been chastened and purified by the sterner virtue of the epic poet. But we must desist—these are names not to be drawn into discussion on every slight occasion. We are bound to say, in reference to the present collection, that the publisher is entitled to the thanks of "all good men and true," for the beautiful edition he has given us. We wish that it had comprised more—indeed all—of the minor poems of both authors; the "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece"—the "Lysidas," the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," would not have added much to the bulk, but greatly to the interest. These poems "were lovely in their life," and here "they should not have been divided."

The Jew of Arragon, or, the Hebrew Queen; a Tragedy, in five acts. By Thomas Wade. London, 1830. Smith, Elder & Co.

THERE is a miscalculation here. Mr. Wade resolved to "shame the rogues and print it." But bad as it is, it seems that all of it does not belong to Mr. Wade: three acts are taken from a Spanish play, and, consequently, in the main design, Mr. W. has to bear the brunt of another man's dulness. What we were espe-

cially amused with, is the extreme morality of the "Random-Record" licenser. His "great religious and moral pen" prunes away the most harmless parts. He forgets "Broad-Girns!"—Respecting the play itself, we can only honestly say, that it will spare any man the expense of an opiate.

Rosamond, a tragedy. From the German of Theodore Körner. London, 1830. Kidd.

ANOTHER tragedy! The love of Henry II. of England, for Rosamond Clifford—the fair Rosamundi—has been made the subject of many a pathetic lay and tale, but its introduction to the stage is novel. It comes so introduced, by Körner, who, both in the extent of his talents, and the quickness of their extinction by devouring death—resembles (as the translator says) our own Chatterton. Making due allowance for the verbosity of the German drama, and the necessary concentration of ours, the work is clever.

Zelinda, a Persian Tale. By Richard Badnall. London, 1830. Whittaker.

WITHOUT at all agreeing in the "perhaps forlorn hope" of the author, that this may "have some influence in recalling public taste to a channel of polite literature, which individuals of the most enlightened capacity (the author's, to wit!) have not deemed unworthy of their pursuit, nor undeserving of their patronage," we think that he has displayed occasional power of language, sweetness of versification, and a taste for what is beautiful in imagery. Sometimes, indeed, he sinks into downright bathos. What is meant by vice *blearing* the youthful mind? (p. 64.) Or of what possible construction must his ear for music be, when he admits rhymes like these—

Wake, maiden, wake! the beam of bright Aurora
Hath chased the modest blushes of the vernal morn,
Night's mists are on the mountain—every shadow fleets
Before her; &c.

In the name of all that is musical, how comes he to wed *Aurora* to such a rhyme as *before her*? It is cockney all over. Does Walker's rhyming dictionary let these pass muster as "allowable rhymes"? The poem is neatly written, however—dedicated to the most beautiful woman in England (the Emperor Alexander's *on dit* for this)—and beautifully printed by Smith of Liverpool.

The Retrospect, or Youthful Scenes; with other Poems and Songs. By John Wright. Edinburgh, John Boyd.

ON reading the interesting and affecting preface to this little volume, we turned to the poems themselves, in the fond hope that by honest and timely commendation, we might have cheered and encouraged in his course a youth who is stated to be "a self-taught poet, and one whose genius has encountered the most depressive difficulties in his progress." The poetry, however, hardly fulfils the expectation raised by the prose; yet it is not destitute of thought nor deficient in imagery, but the whole is turbid and confused—the elements are there in chaos, and need some quickening power to call them into grace and order. If it be true that Mr. Wright is a young man who has struggled upwards, even to his present height (although it be not an eminent one), under circumstances "utterly unfavourable to every kind of improvement" we think he may even yet attain that power,—without which all others are possessed in vain,—the power to regulate and direct an ardent mind.

If the preface be his own inditing, we have goodly hopes of him; but unless he himself feels very strong in his own capability of supplying the defect we have pointed out in his poetry, our advice to him would be to lower his ambition, and confine his attempts to that species of composition in which he already possesses such means of excelling.

Faustus, a Poem; with notes. London, 1830. Wilson.

WE presume that the author calls this "a poem" because it is not prose; and if indeed that be his reason for so entitling it, the gentleman is not far wrong. We are sure, however, that it will sell well, if he have any friends; for they will lose no time in buying up the edition and making the author a present of it, binding him over at the same time never to do the like again.

The World, a Poem. London, 1830. Gunnell & Shearman.

THIS world of the year 1830, is not "The World before the Flood." We give the first stanza as a specimen of the whole, and we think we cannot better express our opinion of it than in the language of certain melancholy preachers, who tell us that "this is a sad bad world, and those are happiest who escape from it the soonest."

I want a subject now, to rhyme upon—
I don't know where to find one that will do.
I've thought of many, but when I reflect on
The many chances, they may not please you,
I feel perplexed—and almost wish I'd never gone
So far, as e'er to promise that a few
Verses I'd write, if but a single Canto
In Byron's style, which I defy any man to.

This is ridiculous enough to be entertaining. The colloquialism in the last line, reminds us of the pretty dialect of Devon.

A Ryghte Sorroweful Tragike Lamentacyonne for ye Lasse of My Lorde Mayor, his Daye! Written by Thomas Dybdynne. London, 1830. Tilt.

THIS is a "ryghte merrie and well conceytede little ballade," and written, as it is, so immediately on the spur of the occasion, if it do not show a high wit, it at least marks a ready one. However, we hold it a little too strong, as the French say, to charge sixpence for six and twenty stanzas, whilst a hundred of the choicest ballads are being hawked about "all at the small price of one ha'penny." The verse that describes the ministerial doubt whether the Lord Mayor's letter were not a *hoax*, is smart.

Then quick inquiry stalk'd around
To bring two truths to light:
Whether My Lord had any ground
To write on?—or cou'd write?

The Blue Devils, or New Police. Henderson. WHEN we first cast our eyes on the engravings that illustrate this little work, we were tempted to hope that Horace's adage, "est pictura poesis," might prove in this instance to be true;—we were disappointed, and fear it must come under the censure that Mr. Hook has bestowed upon Life in London—that "it would be worth nothing without the plates."

Sketches of Bandit Life; and other Poems. By W. Y. P. York, Bellerby.

WE hate the "initial school of poetry." W. Y. P. cannot quite reconcile us to it. He writes "currente calamo," and sometimes writes well. The final poem, entitled "The Poet," shows power, and "The Campbells are coming," runs trippingly off the tongue—as Hamlet said to the players—like a burst of merry music from the mandoline of an Italian lover.

Cheltenham Lyrics, &c. London, 1830. Baldwin & Cradock.

PRETTY enough. Miss Crump seems to be the author's especial favourite. He styles her "La reine de la beauté et des amours," and, as such, writes an eulogistic song in her praise! What a fine thing to be in the good graces of a tea-table poet!

Tales of the Cyclades. By Henry J. Bradfield. London, 1830. Kidd.

IT is worth while running the gauntlet through a score of fiddle-faddle works to reach *this* at last. There is some good poetry in it.

The Dominie's Legacy. Second Edition. London, 1830. Kidd.

THE appearance of a second edition of such a work, is giving it a *brevet* to fame. These volumes no longer need our praise; but we cannot mention them without remembering the deep pathos of Mary Ogilvie, and the rich quiet humour of "Minister Tam." We begin to have good hopes of winning fame for sound wholesome literature, since the world is willing to patronize so unpretending and unpuffed a work as *The Dominie's Legacy*.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

AN APPEAL TO THE FREE!

BY SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

OFFSPRING of Heaven! fair Freedom, impart
The light of thy spirit to quicken each heart;
Though the chains of oppression our free limbs
ne'er bound,

Bid us feel for the wretch round whose soul they
are wound,—

Whose breast is corroded with anguish so deep,
That the eye of the slave is too bloodshot to
weep:

No balm from the fountain of nature will flow
When the mind is degraded by fetter and blow!

The friends of humanity nobly have striven,
Yet the bonds of the heart-broken slave are
unriven!

Whilst religion extends o'er those champions
her shield,

May they never to party or prejudice yield
The glorious cause by all freemen espoused;

A light shines abroad, and the lion is roused,—
The crush of the iron has struck fire from the
stone:

Bid them back to the charge, and the field is
their own!

Ye children of Britain! brave sons of the isles,
Who revel in freedom, and bask in her smiles,
Can ye sanction such deeds as are done in the
West,

And sink on your pillows untroubled to rest?
Are your slumbers unbroken by visions of dread?
Does no spectre of misery glare on your bed?—
No cry of despair break the silence of night,
And thrill the cold hearts that ne'er throbb'd
for the right!

Are ye fathers?—then pity those children be-
reaved

Of the birthright which man from his Maker
received.

Are ye husbands, and blessed with affectionate
wives,

The comfort, the solace, the joy of your lives?—
Then feel for the man whom a tyrant can sever
From the wife of his bosom and children for
ever!

Are ye Christians—enlightened with precepts
divine,

And suffer a brother in bondage to pine!
Are ye men whom fair Freedom has marked for
her own,

Yet listen unmoved to the bondman's deep
groan!

Ah no! ye are slaves; for the freeborn in mind
Are the children of mercy—the friends of man-
kind!

By no base selfish motives their actions are
weigh'd,

They barter no souls in an infamous trade;
They eat not the bread that is moistened by
tears,

And carelessly talk of the bondage of years;
They feel as men should feel: the clank of the
chain

Bids them call upon justice—to cleave it in
twain!

RETURN OF THE SURVEYING EXPEDITION FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

HIS Majesty's ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, lately employed under the orders of Captain P. P. King, in surveying the coasts of South America, have been paid off; the former at Woolwich, and the latter at Plymouth. These vessels left England in May 1826, since which time they have been employed in examining the southern coasts of that continent, both in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

The charts of these coasts have been hitherto constructed principally from that of Don Juan de Langaza, which combined all the Spanish surveys made at various periods from the early time of Sarmiento. This celebrated Spanish navigator was dispatched by the viceroy of Peru, from Lima to the Straits of Magellan, for the purpose of intercepting the return of Sir Francis Drake to England, after his successful attacks on the Spanish ports in the Pacific. The chart of the Straits was also improved by the observations of Byron, Wallace, Carteret, and Bougainville; and in 1785 the Spanish government, with the view of shortening the voyage into the Pacific Ocean, by passing through the Straits instead of going round Cape Horn, sent an expedition for the express purpose of surveying them, under the orders of Don Antonio de Cordova, in the frigate *Santa Maria de Cabeza*. Sarmiento, in his narrative, has changed the name of the Straits from the discoverer Magalhães (commonly called Magellan) to that of Madre de Dios, which, in the narrative of Cordova's voyage, is very properly not preserved. The outline of the south coast of Tierra del Fuego, had been taken from the scanty materials (in consequence of its boisterous climate) afforded by the Dutch Admiral Hermite, of the *Nassau* fleet, as well as from our famous circumnavigator Cook, and others.

The very name of Cape Horn is associated with ideas of incessant gales of wind, rain, sleet, snow, and fogs—aye, and icebergs into the bargain—all conspiring to bewilder the navigator on a bleak and dangerous coast, where "mountainous waves," as Anson describes them, threaten to overwhelm the daring bark that presumes to encounter them. In truth, our ancestors of centuries gone by, were bold fellows to do so with their crazy vessels, some not much larger than a Gravesend boat, at a period when naval architecture was immature, and the science of hydrography scarcely heard of.

The harbour of San Felipe, where some hundreds of unhappy Spaniards perished by starvation, was the principal point from which Captain King's operations were carried on in the Straits. This unfortunate colony was established in 1582, and the town regularly fortified by order of the Spanish government, at the suggestion of Sarmiento, for the express purpose of securing to it the passage through the Straits into the Pacific Ocean; which, from Cape Horn being then unknown, was supposed to be the only one. The Spaniards by this step expected to secure their possessions on the western shore of America from all molestation by sea. Thomas Candish, or Cavendish, one of our earliest circumnavigators, on his way through the Straits, arrived there in time to witness the last of the unfortunate settlers, and called the place Port Famine, the name it still preserves. From hence the various channels on the eastern side of the Straits were explored by Captain King.

The numerous inlets on the western coast, in the vicinity of the Straits, are of the same nature as the long narrow channels found by Vancouver on the north-west coast of North America, and are also remarkable, like them, for being almost unfathomable; so that the difficulty of finding anchoring places was added to the severities of the weather.

It is an observation of the Spanish navigators, and is generally allowed by most writers on the Straits of Magellan, that there is a marked difference in the character of the Patagonians from the miserable natives of Tierra del Fuego. The offensive smell, arising from the filthy habits of these people, renders their presence scarcely tolerable; and they are, in the scale of creation, considered as on a level with the natives of the north-west coast of New Holland, a race of savages the very lowest of mankind. The Patagonians find their means of living in the athletic exercise of the chase, while the Fuegians depend on shell-fish, and their success in fishing, to drag on a miserable existence. These locate themselves in families, on the borders of the various islands of Tierra del Fuego, where they happen to find a good supply of cockles and other shell-fish, and only leave these places for others as the supply becomes exhausted. They are supposed to keep up a petty intercourse with their neighbours, the Patagonians, whose errant habits lead them to frequent the wilds of the interior rather than the less profitable shores of the sea. Captain Fitzroy brought home four of these people in the *Beagle*, for the purposes of exercising his philanthropic views in civilizing them, one of whom has since died from the effects of small-pox. The summits of some of the mountains are covered with perpetual snow, their sides presenting magnificent glaciers, whose bases are washed by the sea. Two extensive inland lakes, discovered by Captain King, were named the Otway and Skyring waters; the former from the Admiral in command of the South American station, and the latter after an officer who contributed much to the success of the expedition. On the western coast, among the Guanaco islands, potatoes were found growing, where the wreck of the *Wager*, one of Lord Anson's squadron, is supposed to have taken place in 1740.

The severity of the climate, and the harassing duties of this service, have proved fatal to four officers, and seven seamen of the expedition; amongst the former of whom is Captain Stokes, late commander of the *Beagle*. The opportunity of enriching our Museum with specimens of natural history has not been neglected. We look forward with much anxiety for the details of this interesting expedition, and the appearance of Captain King's surveys. These, together with the charts of Brazil noticed in our last, and the former surveys of the Spaniards, will complete the hydrography of South America, as far as can be at present expected.

SIR JAMES SOUTH AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

We have just seen with no small astonishment a letter, entitled "Sir James South's knighthood a death-blow to Science." Warned by the censure of the *Times* paper for the unpardonable neglect of not inserting this letter, we shall ourselves devote a line or two to the consideration of it. We must, however, premise that His Majesty is kindly excused from all blame in committing this "well-intentioned injury," and the whole blame transferred to those who were his advisers. Now, what is this injury—or rather, how has this death-blow been given?—At page 5 the grave accusation is brought forward against Sir James, of having with his own means purchased an object glass, and fitted it up at his own observatory at Kensington. His Majesty's advisers seem to have thought that the devotion of time and fortune to science, was deserving some honourable notice, and we certainly have been hitherto accustomed to regret that more honour and encouragement were not in this country conferred on science and scientific men. Again "the lover of science" observes—"Had Sir James South's scientific merits only been exaggerated, I might have heard with patience his

'nothings monstered,' et seq." This, indeed, is strange. Sir James South is President of the Astronomical Society, and we presumed that the length of time he has devoted to this his favourite pursuit, had rendered him competent to fill that honourable situation; but if we err, how is it that government has referred the Nautical Almanac to him and the council of the society for improvement? It is extraordinary that a national work like this should have been confided to a man destitute of science. We have not much room to spare, and shall therefore pass over the remarks about "fortunate accidents," as unworthy of the author,—who, we will allow, set out with good intentions,—and merely add, that the "accident" appears to have been "fortunate" for the country as well as Sir James South. The writer of the letter has given us proof of his assertion that he knows nothing of Sir James, or he certainly would not have imputed to him a want of "liberality of spirit," leaving "gentle birth" and "refined mind" out of the question. The concluding queries of the writer may perhaps be best answered by those which Sir James South has himself published.

Sir James South's pamphlet, which we mentioned last week, contains charges against the council of the Royal Society, preferred in no very temperate or measured language—this may be regretted, but is the natural and necessary consequence of long-cherished abuses, and long-nourished discontent. There are many, and those informed persons, who are of opinion, that the numerous grave charges there preferred are strictly true. These are certainly mostly to be found in Mr. Babbage's book, which was so disgracefully allowed to pass by unnoticed, after Mr. B. had refused the strange invitation of the President to confront the council, and substantiate his accusations—a thing which, had he done, would have answered no other purpose than that of producing angry discussion, and he very wisely left them coolly and deliberately to repair the evils he had pointed out—to mend the bad habits which they had fallen into. But this has not been done, nor will be; and we hear they are determined to resist all reform, and persevere in a repetition of those follies which now stand on record in the work of Mr. Babbage, and which are reiterated most unsparingly by Sir James South. It is impossible, however, that in the present day such things can continue; the course of science in England is arrested, and its real friends are not to be found at those assemblies which were established by Newton himself.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

COMMOTIONS and revolutions are the order of the day—and thus strange differences have disturbed the old quiet even of the Royal Society. These, by the way, must not be supposed to have arisen from the discussion of an abstruse question, as in former times, but on what is, and is not, science. Some excitement was produced not long since by Mr. Babbage's work on the "Decline of Science in England," which the course of time was gradually calming down, when it was suddenly roused again by the appearance of Sir James South's pamphlet. The first meeting of the society since its appearance being on Thursday last, it was anticipated with no small degree of interest, and was in consequence numerously attended.

One effect of this was, that the heat of the room was almost insufferable—an inconvenience which probably "Science" might remedy with no very great trouble. The President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, took the chair as usual, and the business of the evening proceeded.

Amongst the numerous contributions, a paper was read on the manufacture of Water Cement,

by Lieut. Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Artillery, detailing his experiments at Chatham in producing this substance. An account was then given of the late experiments of Lieutenant Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, in which he had succeeded in obtaining a light from a small ball of lime placed at the junction of a flame of oxygen and hydrogen gas, which had the astonishing effect of producing a shadow at the distance of ten miles. The light is considered equal to that of twelve common Argand burners, with reflectors. A paper was next read, giving an account of some observations made on the magnetic variation and dip in the East Indies, from which, in conjunction with those of recent arctic expeditions, the magnetic pole had been calculated to be rather more than two thousand miles beneath the surface of the earth. We were much amused by a paper detailing the experiments of Captain Kater, on the difference produced in any lineal measure by being inserted in iron bars of different thickness. This he considers to arise from the difficulty of obtaining a correct plane; and as the concavity or convexity of the bar, the source of error thus produced, is too minute to be observed by the eye, Captain Kater had recourse to a pianoforte string, which he stretched along it from end to end. The differences in the sounds of the string enabled him then to ascertain the point of contact, if the bar was convex, or whether it was concave. The greatest variation he had observed in a bar of five feet, arising from this deviation from the plane, was the thousandth part of an inch!!!

Dr. Granville here addressed the President on the propriety of occupying the time of the members by such a mode of conducting the business. He was replied to by another gentleman who supported it. It was proposed that the titles only of the various communications should be read, and requested that this proposal might be put to the vote. A third gentleman observed, that the usual mode of proceeding ought not to be departed from,—which seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and the business of the evening was resumed.

An account was then read of a newly-invented Pyrometer by Mr. Daniell, which is considered superior to that hitherto in use. Experiments had been made with it on the expansion of metals, particularly that of iron, the results of which proved that its expansibility was greater than that deduced from former observations.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in reading a paper communicated by the President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, on negative and imaginary quantities. The object of this paper was to facilitate abstruse calculations in algebra. At the conclusion, the President read the statute of the society relating to the election of a person to fill that office at the approaching anniversary, and informed the members that he had been called to that station quite unexpectedly; that he felt most grateful to them for the honour so conferred on him, which he considered the proudest to which he had attained during his life, but that it was not his intention to present himself as a candidate for it at the ensuing election.

It is not yet known who will be called to this office, but the names of various individuals are mentioned.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THIS society resumed its ordinary meetings on Thursday evening,—Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P. Vice President, in the chair.

Mr. Ellis, the secretary, read a report of the proceedings at the last sitting, detailed the presents which had been received during the recess, and read a communication from Mr. Cartwright, being an account of the discovery, in Chichester Cathedral, of a stone coffin, with an inscribed

leaden cross upon it; another, illustrative of a brazen arm and hand, exhibited last season, by Mr. Crofton Croker; and, a third, a table of the market prices in the year 1580.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Sir James South congratulated the members on the Nautical Almanac having been referred by the Admiralty to the council of that society for any improvements they might suggest. A committee had been immediately formed for the purpose, whose labours, he hoped, would be found to have produced a work as perfect as those of our continental neighbours were universally acknowledged to be, and which, he had little doubt, instead of being a disgrace to the country, as the former had been, would now become a Nautical Almanac, not only for Englishmen, but the whole world. Sir James also, in the course of his speech, alluded to our national Observatory, and was happy to inform the members, that the Astronomical Society now constituted a part of that body appointed officially by His Majesty to visit the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, for the purpose of reporting on its management, the state of its instruments, &c.; a duty which had been invested in the Royal Society alone, with the two professors of Oxford and Cambridge, more than 150 years—in fact, since its first establishment. Several papers were read; the most interesting communication being that on variable stars, a phenomenon with which our astronomers acknowledge themselves to be totally unacquainted.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE second meeting was held on Tuesday, the 16th, A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair.—A portion of Mr. Hogg's paper on the Plants of Sicily, (not Switzerland, as printed in error in our last,) was read in continuation. The chairman exhibited a large coloured drawing of the Cow Tree, sent to him by Sir Robert Ker Porter, from the Caracas;—it was also stated that Messrs. Colville are in possession of fifteen flourishing specimens of this much talked of, but little known, tree. The Royal Asiatic Society presented drawings and short descriptions of several species of Palms, from the vicinity of Madras. John Martin, William Charles Linneus Martin, and Charles Morgan Le Mann, Esqs., were proposed as Fellows, and their certificates ordered to be suspended in the meeting room. After the usual routine business the members adjourned to the Library.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Society held their second meeting on Wednesday evening; but it has been intimated to us that the Council do not wish the proceedings of their meetings published; and after the liberal manner in which we have been introduced, we feel ourselves bound to yield to their wish; in doing so, however, we trust we may be allowed to express our surprise at this resolution. We had imagined, that the diffusion of knowledge in these days, was a matter highly to be wished, and that the desire to do so was worthy of encouragement. We are convinced, however, some good reason must exist for this apparently strange determination.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Monday, Nov. 15.—Edward Wright, M.D., President, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. J. B. Sedgwick was read, on the character of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England during the minority of Henry VI., in illustration of a cast of that Prince's skull, taken from the original, discovered in the tomb behind the altar, in the Abbey-church of St. Albans, in the year 1701. The whole head was said to be larger than the average size. The intellectual

organs were exceedingly well developed, but the greatest proportional development was at the posterior-superior, the posterior-lateral, and the posterior parts. The organs of amateness, love of approbation, self-esteem, combativeness, destructiveness, secretiveness, and firmness, were highly developed, the latter three to a degree which has perhaps been seldom observed.

John Harrison Black, LL.D., was elected a corresponding member, and Charles Behnes, Esq. was proposed as an ordinary member of the Society. The meeting adjourned until Monday, Dec. 6.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THIS Society held its second meeting on Wednesday, when several gentlemen were balloted for, others proposed, and various communications read, but not of any importance. Mr. Barton having complained at a former meeting, that, in the last volume of the Transactions of the Society, his patent piston for steam-engines had been represented as inadequate to the proposed object, the subject was referred to a committee, who now reported that on the fullest investigation, and the testimony of several eminent engineers both at home and abroad, they had no reason to doubt the complete efficiency of Mr. Barton's invention; whereupon, it was resolved that the misrepresentation should be corrected in their next volume. Another committee made their report on the proposal of Lieut. Mawe to use the fecula of a species of bignonia, which grows in great abundance on the banks of the river Amazon, for dying scarlet; and they certified, that, so far as their experiments had gone, they had been successful.

The Society's annual meeting for the distribution of prizes will, in all probability, be held this year at the New Institution now building in the Strand, called Exeter Hall.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Geographical Society..... Nine, P.M.
	{ Medical Society..... Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Botanical..... } past 8, P.M.
	{ Medico-Chirurgical..... } Nine, P.M.
WEDNESD.	{ Society of Arts..... } past 7, P.M.
THURSDAY,	{ Royal Society..... } past 8, P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries..... } Eight, P.M.
SATURDAY,	Westminster Medical Soc... Eight, P.M.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Alexander Blair, of Glasgow, is appointed Professor of English Language and Literature, in the room of Mr. Dale.

PARIS FACULTY OF LETTERS.

THE lectures of this society opened on Monday last. M. Villemain's place is filled by M. Patrin, M. Cousin's by M. Damison, and M. Boissonade's, by M. Guignault. These three professors give up their full appointments to their substitutes. M. Valette will supply the place of M. Laromiquiere. Messrs. Lemaire, Barbier, Du Bocage, Leclerc, and Larga, will deliver their lectures personally. M. Lacroix, who for eight years has had M. Durosier for his substitute, will resume his lectures this year. M. Fauriel, professor of Foreign Literature, will not open his course until December.

FINE ARTS

PLATES TO THE ANNUALS.

THE LANDSCAPE.

WE admire the plan of blending the *utile cum dulced* in these publications. We only wish that, as Annuals are the rage, some one would take the trouble of leading Mr. Prout's attention from the antiquities of foreign countries to the home-beauties of his own. Why should not "The

'Tourist in England' strike the fancy just as warmly as "The Tourist in Italy"? It is true, that our home-scenes may not excite all the bright and vivid contemplations that, at every step, arise to the mind when we behold the grandeur of those places which history, romance, or song have "crowned with a halo"; but there thence would, and should, arise feelings not less deep, and not less sacred. We need not pause to expatiate on the reason of this—self-evident truths require no proofs—it is enough that it is so; and probably we yet may see before us the "Home Annual," in which our own beautiful domestic scenery may be given to us by the pencil of genius, and illustrated with many a legend, tale,

Or song heroically bold,

in which the beauty of England's daughters, and the valour of her sons, may be celebrated; just as in Italy, Spain, and France they enliven the memory of worth by a like brilliant and exquisite process, which, like the pictures before us, preserve the beauty without the asperity of the reality. More unlikely things have come to pass than the adoption of this suggestion; and, should it be acted on, we only hope the publisher will admit, when taking out a patent for the application of this new literary power, that "the idea," as the Adelphi author of the "Wreck Ashore" has it, was communicated to him "by the ingenious Editor of the Athenæum!"

Was it not Barry Cornwall who, some twelve months ago, in one of the Annuals, addressed some lines to Mr. Prout, the able illustrator of the work before us, whereof we only remember the incipient apostrophe?—It runs thus—

What a brave painter art thou, Samuel Prout!

The appellative, although it may sound strange to our ears, is precisely that which describes the character of Mr. Prout's drawings. He does not coldly adhere to the very truth of his scene, but is "brave" enough to snatch a grace beyond the rules of art, and give us the delineation as a painter would have it. He makes it more poetical, without entrenching on the *vraisemblance*. He finds the place beautiful, and he makes it most beautiful. He has the rare art of rendering houses, and the meaner class of architecture, interesting by the manner in which he depicts them. Bonington, in some of the too few things he has done, displayed nearly similar powers. His houses stand boldly out, as if they were downright brick and mortar. He makes a shadow tell us the precise thickness of the wall, and a ray of light interpret the depth of an interior. Here, for instance, we have the 'Piazzetta at Venice.' We can quite look through the vista, and see the white-sailed *proas* in the distance; beyond that—far as the eye could reach, were we standing on the spot—we may observe another boat in the dim distance. An ordinary artist would have left out all these accessories, for fear of overdoing it; but Prout places them there, and see what he has made of them. Why, it is the very triumph of perspective! We do not think so highly of the fidelity and minuteness with which the tracery on the arches, in this plate, is given,—for that could be achieved by a pencil of less might than Prout's,—but we do exceedingly admire the magic power with which he represents space.

In the 'Temple of Mars' (at Rome), he uses the same skill. We see quite through the archway, and, but for an intervening wall at the end of the passage, we could fancy the prospect might be extended to an almost limitless length. But it is not in this alone that his power consists. Some of the landscapes have the mild spirit and even a trace of the style of Stothard—need we give higher praise? The beautiful plates of the 'Borghese Palace,' of 'Civita Castellana,' and of the 'Lake of Lugos,' prove the truth of what we affirm. The first of these is really delightful. The palace is thrown far back in the distance—

magnificent trees extend on both sides to the front—a splendid fountain shoots its waters into the air—and the figures in the immediate foreground lead us at once, by contrast of size, into an estimate of the great magnitude of the scene before us. And then the finish—the neat finish of the whole, which is unusual with Prout: it seems like looking at the reality through a minifying-glass—the scene becomes smaller than it is, but a thousand times more lively.

The 'Cascade of Terni,'—better known to the many readers of Childe Harold, by the name of the 'Waterfall of Velino,'—is a most beautiful production; it has one fault—it is too quiet; the waters fall down too sleepily; in reality,

Rapid as the light

The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss:—

but here they descend very much at their ease. They want "their great agony," which the poet truly speaks of as their adjunct. Byron, too, tells of the Iris, which

sits amidst the infernal surge,

Like Hope upon a death-bed.

We feel the want of this in the picture.

'St. Mark's Church, Venice.' Here they enshrine the remains of St. Mark. The back, the dome, are beautifully managed. The chiaroscuro is here in its perfection. How sweetly the light falls on the white capotes of the females in the front, and on the bald head of the attendant priest! And the shrine looks "like a mystery." The banner of St. Mark, with its simple cross, hanging on the column, tells of many a deed of high emprise, when the name of Venice was mighty, like Tyre of old, among the nations and cities of the earth—"Out upon Time!"

We question whether, among the whole twenty-six plates, any will be regarded with more interest than the

'Temple of Vesta, and House of Rienzi.'

In spite of the vulgar covering (of coarse tiles) that defaces the pillars of the Temple, it still presents singular traces of beauty. But the house of Rienzi has a higher charm. His name has come to us sanctified by the praise and friendship of Petrarch, the memorial of Gibbon, the reverence of Byron, and more recently, the interest with which Miss Mitford's tragedy has invested it. The Remembrance of this "last of Romans" brings us to

'The Forum,' where Cicero pleaded, and where Rienzi rallied his countrymen into something like the spirit of old Rome. This is, indeed, a most splendid production. The light is strongly thrown full on the building; and the shadows in the foreground, consequently, have a pleasing effect. The pillar in front is well drawn; we feel that it stands boldly out from the building; yet how difficult to produce this effect.

Enough of this. We cannot name half the beauties of these plates, nor indeed half the plates themselves. In general, they are excellently engraved. Sometimes the artist's hand seems to have lost "its cunning." The sky in the plate of 'Rome' has its distance so confusedly traced that at first it seemed as if it had been stippled. But as "one swallow does not make a summer," so one defect should not incur much censure. We cannot conclude without adverting to the nice tact which has introduced, so frequently, the relief of figures (in their appropriate costume) into these drawings. It makes them seem more real—more natural.

'The Colonnade of St. Peter, Rome,' is thus embellished, and the view is, consequently, of more interest. The female figures in this, especially, are full of grace. They are quite Italian. We would willingly linger over these delightful plates; but we cannot always command our actions to our intentions. We close the book with regret—we could find objections;—there is too much of Rome and Venice, for in-

stance; but if it communicates to others half the delight it has given us, they will not have to regret the purchase.

THE AMULET.

SOME of the embellishments in this work are certainly of a high order, and reflect credit on the skill of the artists and the taste of the editor.

'The Countess Gower and her Child,' Finden, after Lawrence, claims, for beauty of execution, our highest praise. The engraver has seized all the ease and nature of the great master who painted the original. It is decidedly a splendid picture, but has been most carelessly printed.

'The Resurrection,' Wallis, after Martin, pleased us less, and is as black as ink.

'The Orphans,' Rolls, after Wood, is a sweet picture, it has the stamp of nature on it; the engraving is very skilfully executed.

'Cromwell at Marston Moor,' Greathach, after Cooper, is a stirring picture, well engraved.

'The Florentine,' E. Finden, after Pickersgill. This is truly a beautiful engraving, after a beautiful picture—the heads of the mother and child are admirably engraved, and do great credit to Edward Finden.

'Sweet Anne Page,' Portbury, after Smirke, is a clever engraving; but

'The Village Queen,' Marr, after Boaden, is beautiful, both as a picture, and as an engraving. This, to our taste, is the fairest flower in the volume—full of natural beauty and simplicity. Our regret at leaving this delightful portrait is the less, as we turn to

'Sunset,' Pye, after Barrett, possessing all the mild beauty of Claude, and equally creditable to painter and engraver.

'Florence,' Goodall, after Turner. This, as we noticed last week, is a copy from the fine picture in Hakewill's Italy.

'The Legacy,' Stewart, after Inskipp, is a poor affected affair.

'The Corsair's Bride,' Rolls, after Hollins, though possessing much of eastern character, is not altogether to our liking—there is the indolence without the grace of oriental luxury.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

THIS is the first volume of the Remembrance, and, like most first efforts, is open to improvement. The engravings are generally clever, but the subjects are not always equally well chosen. We shall proceed to notice them in order.

'Queen Adelaide,' by F. Engleheart, after Mrs. Green; a well-engraved portrait, but possessing none of the highly-wrought beauty that distinguishes the portraits in some of the other Annuals—the right hand is miserably out of drawing.

'Vignette—Mont Blanc,' after Brockedon, is a gem beautifully engraved.

'The Lady and her Birds,' after Corbould; a singularly-unmeaning picture.

'The Forum Romanum,' Henshall, after Turner; full of interest, but the subject could have been more happily handled.

'The Butterfly and the Flowers,' Portbury, after Westall, is one of those pictures that neither pleases nor offends, and which we feel disposed to pass over without an opinion.

'Warwick Castle,' Wallis, after Bartlett. Spiritless and poor.

'Girl at the Brook,' Fenner, Sears & Co., after Westall; a good engraving, but the picture is destitute of interest; the head of the girl is much more like that of a boy.

'Windsor Castle,' Wallis, after Bartlett. The painter has selected a fine position, whence to take his view of the venerable pile, and we can say nothing more in its favour.

'John Gilpin,' Rolls, after Stothard. We never admired this picture—in vain we look for

the outstripping speed described by Cowper; and the face of Gilpin more resembles one who has had his dinner, than one who is swiftly borne, half-famished, away from it.

'The Orphans,' Rolls, after Gill, a fine engraving, full of power and expression—mentioned in the Athenæum a month ago.

'Keeper,' a very beautiful wood-cut by Brantton and Wright.

'Coliseum,' Fenner, Sears & Co., after Prout. We have seen the towering magnitude of this ancient amphitheatre more vividly presented to the eye; it wants the aid of smaller buildings to give us its comparative grandeur.

THE CAMEO.

We think it well to premise, as the Publisher has done in the title-page, that "The Cameo" is a Melange of Literature and the Arts, selected from "The Bijou," with some few additions, especially the portrait prefixed of the

'Duke of Reichstadt,' reduced by A. Fox, from the beautiful engraving by Bromley [See *Athenæum*, July 10]; a work of great delicacy, and full of interest. This volume contains no less than eight other engravings from the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence:—the Portrait of his late Majesty—the engraving a good deal worn; the brilliant Portrait of Lady Wallscourt; Mrs. Arbuthnot; Miss Thayer; Miss Murray; that universally-admired picture, the Hon. Charles Lambton; Master Lock; and a Portrait of a Child; and in addition the interesting 'Family of Sir Walter Scott,' from Wilkie's picture, and that fine old head of the 'Bag-Piper,' by the same unrivalled artist; 'The Oriental Love-Letter,' by Pickersgill; 'The African Daughter,' by Bonington; and one of Stothard's most delightful scenes, 'Sans Souci,' to which, however, the engraver has not done justice: his copy wants the sun-light of the original.

We have not thought it necessary to dwell more particularly on this work, as the engravings have been heretofore before the public; but to all who have not "The Bijou," this must be a very choice, valued, and welcome volume.

THE ORPHANS PLATE.

We received last week the following letter from Mr. Duncan. We thought it just to wait Mr. C. Rolls's answer, and now publish both together.

Sir,—Having read in several papers critiques on a plate called "The Orphans," painted by Mr. Gill, published in the "Remembrance," I take the liberty to inform you, that the plate in question is not Mr. C. Rolls's engraving: it was engraved by me for Mr. Sharpe; but having been very unaccountably in Mr. C. Rolls's possession at the time of Mr. Sharpe's bankruptcy, it was detained to indemnify him (Mr. C. Rolls) for the very losses sustained on that occasion;—not only was the plate detained, but, to crown the whole of this honourable proceeding, Mr. C. Rolls "sold the plate to the assignees of the estate." It now goes forth to the world as his own, and I, who did the plate, at a comparatively small price, in consideration of reaping the benefit of any merit, however small, attached to it, am unjustly deprived of that advantage, and obliged to suffer another man's name to be affixed to my work, merely because Mr. C. Rolls happened to have money to accommodate Mr. Sharpe when he wanted it.

Probably I should never have taken the liberty to address you on this subject, but that there seems a disposition to expose this sort of quackery, which is now arrived at such an infamous pitch, that any man possessing money is enabled to buy the reputation of talent he does not possess, and, trading on the brains of others, with or without their consent, make his way to eminence in a profession, in which, if his course had been honestly pursued, his own talent would never have raised him to mediocrity.

As different papers have thought the plate worth noticing, I trust you will be kind enough to publish this statement of the affair, which is, in fact, Mr. Rolls's, being furnished from extracts from his own letters, which wait your perusal, if necessary.

I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient servant,

ANDREW DUNCAN.

4, Felix Terrace, Liverpool Road,
Islington.
12th Nov. 1830.

38, West Square, Nov. 17, 1830.

Sir,—A letter having appeared in most of the public journals, signed "Andrew Duncan," attacking my professional character, I trust to your candour (if it has appeared in yours, or otherwise), to give insertion to the following reply.

Mr. Duncan's communication has been dictated by a bad spirit, and contains assertions directly the reverse of truth. The engraving of "The Orphans," in the "Remembrance," certainly was not done by me, nor was it the work of Mr. Duncan. He engraved the figures, and a young artist of high promise (Mr. Godden) put in the background, and some of the minor details. *The whole plate was finished by me*;—and I am sure your acquaintance with art has led you to know that this is a practice very general in the profession, of an engraver of experience and reputation "going over" the work of one who is without these advantages. I hope I may be permitted to state, that however little ability I may possess in art, in which I have laboured so many years, I am under no apprehension of being placed upon a par with Mr. Andrew Duncan. I beg to add, that I know of scarcely one fine plate completed, from beginning to end, by one individual, I became possessed of the plate in consequence, of Mr. Sharpe bringing it to me, stating that he was dissatisfied with it, and requesting me to improve it. I did so; and feel satisfied that no individual, whether a judge of art or otherwise, can look at the print as I received it, and that after it had passed out of my hands, without at once perceiving that, from being crude and defective to a very shameful degree, (considering that Mr. Duncan received the liberal sum of fifty guineas for it,) it became a plate by no means creditable to any engraver. The "extreme blackness," which has been alluded to, is, I apprehend, the fault of the printer, and may have been confined to only a few of the impressions.

To Mr. Duncan's very impertinent observations about "buying the reputation one does not possess," I make no reply, except to state, that if my reputation and ability were no greater than his, I must be very unworthy of the frequent praise with which I have been honoured, in most of the public journals, during a period of years, and which has stimulated me to those exertions which have led to success.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES ROLLS.

Our readers may form their own commentary; but we must inform them that Mr. Rolls is strictly correct in what he states—that it is the practice of the profession for an experienced engraver to "go over" the works of inferior men; and, we may add, too much the practice to put his name to them—but the propriety of this, is the real question at issue.

We have heard it said that Mr. St. John Long was once a pupil of Mr. Martin, the painter; and that Mr. Martin has two or three specimens of his *rubbing in* on canvas. We happen to know, that among the treasured works of this worthy, by another person, is a portrait of his famous witness, the Marchioness of Ormond.

There seems little probability that the Annual fever has yet attained its height. We hear of Landscape Midsummer Annuals—French Landscape Annuals—and many others, all at present "profound secrets."

Horace Vernet, it is said, has, notwithstanding his resignation, received the commands of King Louis Philippe, to remain at the head of the French school of painting at Rome. Numerous paintings, executed by him in that city, have just arrived at Paris, and are deposited at the Louvre, where they will shortly be exhibited to the public.

MUSIC

The Musical Bijou, 1831. Edited by F. H. Burney. London. Goulding & D'Almaine.

The Musical Forget Me Not. Edited by Thomas Mackinlay. Ackermann.

We hardly know under what head to class these very interesting works, uniting as they do, painting, poetry, and music; and we should hardly have known to which to give precedence, but that the admirable lithograph of 'The Highlander,' by Haghe, from a drawing by Fraser, prefixed to the "Musical Bijou," caught our attention—and a powerful, spirited, and clever picture it is; the

very soul of light-hearted music and revelry is visible in every line; it breathes of Highland reels and Highland stills, and the hard-featured Scotchman "pipes to the spirit ditties of no tone," with a vigour and reality, that breathe of mountain air and farintosh. The music is by Horn, Lodge, Czerny, Bochs, Valentine, Novello, Miss Dance, Smith, Barnett, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Rawlings, Addison, Bishop, and Rodwell. Among the literary contributors are Thomas Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, Lord Nugent, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, J. R. Planché, and Lord Ashtown. Some of the songs are of a high order of poetry, and the music throughout is pretty and pleasant, and well suited to such a work; different tastes will admire different pieces, but "I'll meet thee, love," by C. Smith, will be a favourite with most persons, and "The Widow," by Bishop, is full of tenderness and feeling; but "Why comes he not," by Horn, or "I love thee," by Miss Dance, will perhaps be heard about Christmas in our drawing-rooms more frequently than either.

To "The Musical Forget Me Not," the literary contributors are generally the same persons as to the *Bijou*—the illustrations of the same character—the musical composers of the same rank in their profession. "I'll come to thee," by T. Cooke, "I thought on thee," by the Editor, "My heart that I gave to thee," by T. H. Bayly, and "Breathe me a lay," by George Linley, will, we think, become popular songs. Either volume will be a very welcome and acceptable present to any smiling girl, who has a love either for poetry or music.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Green's Hints on the Spanish Guitar, being a Preparatory Tutor for that Instrument, on an entirely new Plan; all Instruction being conveyed in Practical Accompaniments to Songs, in Progressive Classes. Class A. J. Green.

MR. GREEN was one of the most successful followers of Logier, and, we believe, still promulgates "the system," and publishes his works. Mr. Green is also a well-informed musician and successful teacher;—the work now under consideration evincing the truth of our assertions, by the ingenuity and ability exhibited. The author says in his preface, that "the guitar not only possesses the capability of producing the sweetest melodies, but its peculiar character is that of adding grace and tenderness to the expression, when its accompaniments harmonize and sustain the plaintive softness of the female voice;" and "it is, probably, of all instruments, the most easily played upon, for it will be seen that even one single hour's practice, judiciously applied, will be sufficient to insure a very considerable progress. If young students have sometimes met with difficulties at the outset, it has been only because they have attempted too much. In acquiring a knowledge of this, or any other instrument, whatever difficulties there may be, they are easily overcome when presented one by one, which is the object of this work—combined with the attempt to produce the most satisfactory effect with the most simple means." The author has eminently succeeded, we think, in his attempt, and deserves the popularity and encouragement so justly his due. After three concise pages of well-condensed, musical preliminary instructions, he presents, with new and pleasing words, the following six songs, each with five different kinds of guitar accompaniments, exceedingly well adapted for the student:—

1. *Come away*, to the air of The Swiss Boy.
2. *The Dogs began to bark*... Nobody coming to marry me.
3. *Beauty and Bravery*, original melody.
4. *Love rules the World*... L'Amour, L'Amour.
5. *Love is a Traitor*... Le Gentil Hussard.
6. *The Hunter*... The Tyrolean Air.

I mark from my Cell: a Song; the Poetry by Miss Pardoe; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by G. Linley. Cramer, Addison, & Beale.

THE allusions in this song are to an officer of rank, whose lamentable end must yet be fresh in the

memory of most military men. Closely connected in strict and sincere friendship with an officer of his own regiment, he was yet unfortunate enough to quarrel with him at the mess-table. Heated with wine, and in a state of temporary madness, he insisted on immediately settling the dispute with pistols! His friend in vain attempted to dissuade him. When the other officers had retired, the weapons were produced—they fought in an ante-room, and Captain — fell, mortally wounded. Major — was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. On the evening which preceded his execution, he composed the beautiful air which forms the subject of this song. Miss Pardoe's poetry is quite worthy of her subject: the melody is interesting, and the whole arrangement effected in the best possible manner.

Love! Love! Love! sung by J. Bland, in the popular Opera of the "Deuce in her," written by R. J. Raymond; composed and published by John Barnett.

A deservedly-favourite little song, showing all Barnett's usual melody, taste, and style, in a peculiar manner. The harmonies are well conceived and ingeniously adapted.

Vederlo sol bramo, from Paer's opera of "Griselda," composed for the Pianoforte, with Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.), and dedicated to Miss Green, of Ambleside, by T. A. Rawlings. Cramer, Addison & Beale.

A very interesting and teachable divertimento, in which, by an ingenious introductory larghetto, Paer's well-known and admired airs are exhibited in a highly-pleasing shape. Rawlings is eminently successful in arrangements of this nature.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday last "The National Guard" was played for the first time this season, and very well received. The principal changes in the cast were Mrs. Waylett for Madame Vestris, and Mr. Harley for Mr. Liston. With all proper respect for the talents of the new representatives, it would be folly to pretend that the audience must not lose something in every case where they are substituted for their respective originals; but in the present instance it is our duty to state that the loss was peculiarly apparent. We sought in vain in Mrs. Waylett's performance for the fire and spirit which marked that of Madame Vestris in the comic parts, and there was the same comparative tameness in the more pathetic passages. Mrs. Waylett played the part passably well, but we must recommend her to learn the words of her songs: singers have no right to *improviser* nonsense verses, and so cause what is, in reality, their negligence, to be put down to incompetency on the part of authors. Mr. Harley's personation of *Corporal Bonbon* was too excursive to be consistent with military discipline; his peripatetic speeches would have been appropriate enough at the "Lyceum, Athens," but they were out of place at "Drury Lane, London." He put us out of breath—he wanted the *reposé* of Liston, and, by the time he had done, we should think he must also have wanted some of his own. Forgetting that he was a soldier, and on duty, he was constantly absent without leave. We repeatedly felt inclined to give the word of command and call out "Corporal Bonbon—attention!" Still he was lively, clever, and entertaining—when is he not? Mr. Farren's *Chevalier Renard* is a perfect performance—who would not turn author (that could) to see a creature of his brain so admirably embodied? This piece having been brought out last season, does not of course contain any allusion to recent events in Paris, but *Corporal Bonbon's* indignant exclamation of "Bribe the National Guard?—not with the national debt!" was caught at and loudly cheered.

If we were managers of a theatre, there are several things we would attend to, which it

always has been and still is the custom to neglect. We shall mention these from time to time, as opportunities arise to illustrate our positions. That which immediately presents itself with reference to the play we have just spoken of, is the vile accent with which foreign words are almost invariably pronounced on our stage. A moderate degree of attention on the part of the management would obviate much of this annoyance, if it did not wholly remove it. We have no right to reproach an actor, whether principal or subordinate, with not understanding any foreign language, if he be master of his own; but we should complain with justice of any one who might refuse to profit by proper instruction, as to such words as might occur in his part, *if it were provided for him*. We hope this hint will be taken in as good part as it is given, and that a word so easy to pronounce as "Chevalier," will cease to be alternately "Shivaleer"—"Shevuleer"—"Shoveleer"—and "Shevall-yay."

On Wednesday a shocking melo-drama was perpetrated at this house by some "person or persons" who shall remain "unknown." Fortunately for those concerned in this outrage, it is early in our theatrical reign; we shall therefore extend our "gracious pardon" to all but the principal, and even he will escape, for the "*Treasure*" will surely not offer a reward for him. We have no inclination to be needlessly severe at any time; but if we did not express a little angry feeling, upon the wanton infliction of so execrable a piece of trash as this, we could not hope to have our judgment respected by such of our readers as may chance to see "The Conscript, or, the Veteran and his Dog," when, as we trust it often will, it shall be our pleasing duty to praise. We will endeavour to be brief, but we must say enough to justify our opinions. The plot is a bad combination of ill-assorted robberies from the most vehemently-melodramatic melodramas which have of late years stood, like colossal fiends, with one leg on each side of the Channel. At the opening of the piece, a young man, son of the Veteran, has been married three years to the object of his (and another man's) affections—we don't like to be scandalous, but they have a child, who cannot be less than four years old. The disappointed lover has, at some previous time, made an unsuccessful attempt to murder his successful rival, and, in so doing, the one has been torn, and the other protected, by a favourite dog—the hero (or *Pontio*) of the piece. The wound has long healed; but that no one may suspect his identity, the culprit walks about with his hand concealed in his bosom. Of course, he lives but for revenge, and is lurking in the neighbourhood of the happy family, in the hope of somehow obtaining it. An opportunity presents itself: a new conscription is ordered in the village—he contrives to possess himself of the real document—substitutes a forged one, (in which the name of the husband is included)—and the first act ends with the various miseries consequent upon his being torn from his wife on the third anniversary of their wedding-day, and marched to join the army.

When the second act begins, there has been fighting, and the Conscript has "behaved like a man." Mr. Cooper, who plays a friendly old Serjeant, arrives to inform him that his wife is within a league of him, but unable, from fatigue, to come farther, or rather nearer. Anxious only for her happiness, he very naturally prefers seeing her at once, and being shot for it, to waiting till the next morning, when he is told he may do so in safety. He therefore deserts—is taken, and condemned. His wife leaves him, and takes up her abode "in a ravine,"—we don't know where, and can't guess why. Here she again encounters her persecutor, who is carrying her off when the Veteran arrives—breatens him with his sword, and is answered

by a pistol-shot, which misses him, and brings up the dog. The dog is not well brought up, for he had here an opportunity to make a *point*, and failed. He (the dog) is supposed to rush on the man, but, in fact, only rushes off the stage. The culprit re-appears on a rock engaged in a ridiculous struggle with an animal made of pasteboard and straw, and finally falls backwards over the precipice, pulling the puppet-dog with him. Groans proceed from the abyss—and we thought we heard a strange echo of them from the house. The culprit calls up that he "wants to atone"—the Veteran goes down to him (by the kitchen-stairs, we presume), and receives from him the "real original" list, which, by proving that the conscript was no conscript, is to relieve him from the penalty of his crime. Pen, ink, and paper are, of course, ready at the bottom of the abyss, and the Veteran returns, saying that he has written a hasty note, and sent it forward by the dog. The dog naturally knows his way to the place of execution, and arrives, in the next scene, with his ready present, just before the officer says, "Fire!" While the officer (and he only) is in doubt, as to whether it is consistent with his duty to stay a military execution, in consequence of an anonymous communication, somebody announces that he sees—what?—a cloud of dust?—no; a messenger at full gallop?—no;—"a piece of flying artillery"! The (gun) carriage draws up, we presume, at the side, and off jump the dismounted gunners—the wife, the father, and the friend. The document is produced, and the (gunpowder) plot of this piece goes off without further damage to any one. The acting of Miss Faucit, Mr. J. Vining, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Webster, was worthy of a better occasion. The dog, who, we hear, made on this evening his first bow (—wow) to a London audience, has no particular capabilities for the stage. We have given the history of this piece, because it is the severest criticism we could offer—further remark would be wasted. If the management has not taste enough to withdraw it, we shall augur badly for the future.

The entertainment of "Midas" followed, in which Mrs. Waylett, who had rather offended us in "The National Guard," gave us the satisfaction of a gentleman as *Apollo*. She got through the part very creditably, and sang Mr. Lee's pretty song, "Come where the aspens quiver," with great feeling and much good taste. Long as the evening's bill of fare was, we rejoiced in the encore which the house called for, and are happy to add that we heard it the second time with even increased pleasure. Good acting and good singing are so seldom met with united, that the part of *Midas* stands but a poor chance of being efficiently represented. We must, therefore, set off Mr. Farren's good acting against his bad singing—out of time we would compound for, but, out of tune! oh, why does not *Apollo* give him his ears earlier in the piece? No one else calls for particular notice. Mr. Webster is a useful and clever actor, but his *Pan*—well, well—we have done; the very mention of the character calls before us the shade of the immortal Emery, and we could scarcely speak of any one else in it with our wonted impartiality.

A Miss Bruce appeared afterwards as *Linda* in "Der Freischütz." This young lady was introduced to a London audience at the Oratorios last season, and very well received. It is no small credit to her that, amidst all the embarrassments of a first appearance on the stage, she should have made a very successful stand in a character which has been repeatedly filled by all the first female singers on our stage for years past. Her voice seems to be of a good quality and considerable compass, though better in the lower tones than the higher. The first and most difficult *scena*, was given with much

effect and greatly applauded; and Miss Bruce had the merit and good fortune to remain on excellent terms with the audience to the end.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Thursday.—"As you like it," was produced here this evening. *Rosalind* by Miss Taylor. We had predicted so well of this young lady's after-success from her admirable performance in the "Carnival at Naples," that we felt ourselves in a manner *pledged* that she should make a hit in the first standard part she played. She has redeemed us *with interest*, and we thank her and congratulate the public. We cannot think that our brother critics have done *all* for Miss Taylor that she deserves—we can call to mind repeated instances in which persons possessing not more than a tithe of her talents have, through their united exertions, drawn crowded houses, at least for a time. We have not, however, so great an opinion of the powers of the *Press* upon the point as the *Press* seems to have. It cannot put the *half mark* of sterling value upon a gilded reputation, neither can it take from solid gold its own intrinsic worth. We have now seen Miss Taylor three times, and upon each occasion has she gradually but surely warmed the hearts of the audience towards her through every degree, from 50 to about 110 of Fahrenheit.

For friends in all the old she's found,
And brothers in the young.

"We calculate," as Jonathan would say, "that this is the way to test an actress." Let Miss Taylor proceed with confidence, but, of course, with continued care and pains, and she will force her own way to the summit of her professional ambition. We cannot say as much, or half as much, as we could wish upon the subject for want of space, but the public may rest assured that there has been no *Rosalind* on the stage to approach Miss Taylor since Mrs. Jordan, and her finished execution of the *Cuckoo song* would alone repay any one, who has a soul for music, for a visit to the theatre. We never, as a whole, saw this exquisite—this enchanting play better performed. People *must* go and see it, and so they may as well go at once. Every part, male and female, throughout the play is admirably performed, from *Orlando*, nearly the most perfect of Mr. Charles Kemble's many excellent performances, down to *Charles the Wrestler*, whose few words were delivered with great good sense and propriety by a Mr. Fuller. Covent Garden is, we understand, indebted to Mrs. Bartley, whose pupil Miss Taylor is, for her introduction there: if not a diamond of the first water (and we by no means assert that with the high polish to be caught from London artists, she will not one day be pronounced so), she is at least a jewel such as the "proudest" theatre "of them all" may well be proud to wear.

The new interlude of "Hide and Seek" followed. This is a delightful little piece, and kept the audience in the good humour in which the play had left them. Keeley is exquisite in it, and Miss Ellen Tree as clever as she is lovely, and this, with our estimate of her personal appearance, is a bold thing to say.

"Robert the Devil" followed, but, after what we had seen, went to the devil for us.

CHAT.

We fear that our indefatigable Opera purveyor will be unable to tempt *David* over to this country during the present season. In the meantime, he has succeeded in securing Rubini's services, at the small price of 2000 guineas, from the 5th of April to the close of the season. The Opera will open with Lablache, Curioni, Santini, and De Begnis, &c.

The Miss Huddart, who makes her metropolitan *début* on Monday at Drury Lane, as *Belvidera*, has been on the stage some time. She

performed two years ago at Birmingham (where she was a great favourite). Since then, she has appeared at Plymouth and Bristol, and more recently at Dublin. Her *forte* lies decidedly in tragedy, although she has sometimes essayed genteel comedy.

Ducrow has gone to Edinburgh with his stud of horses, and "twenty-seven equestrian artists! including twelve ladies" (!!!). The stud, (38 horses) "have," Mr. Ducrow ungallantly says, "uniformly been considered one of the chief attractions"—aye, as great as the female "equestrian artists."

Miss Turpin and a Miss Barrett, (who, after all, is a Mrs. C. Petengal), are to be the stars of the Edinburgh Theatre, which opens next week. Mr. Murray (the lessee of the Theatre Royal) has joined Mr. (Adelphi) Yates in the Caledonian Theatre, as a summer speculation. Matthews is expected to join them.

MISCELLANEA

Royal Society.—The report in circulation that His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex had declined becoming a candidate for the Presidential Chair of the Royal Society, is not true; the Royal Duke not only continues to aspire to the honour and to offer himself as a candidate, but he is the only Fellow of the society who has, up to the present moment, declared such to be his intention.

Imperial Bon-mot.—Green, it is well known, was the favourite colour of Napoleon. During the Consulate, his cloak of state was of green velvet covered with stars, lined with white satin, and bordered with ermine. One day, on returning from the Senate-house at Luxembourg, he threw his robe on a sofa, saying to Cambacères, with a smile, "J'espère que je ne vérifierais pas le dit-on, qu'un verre étoilé ne dure pas longtemps!" The *double-entendre* consists in the pronunciation of *verre étoilé*, which does not differ from that of *vert étoilé*,—applied to the colour of his star-covered cloak.

The only son of Goethe has just died at Rome, to the great regret of a numerous acquaintance.

"Carwell," by Mrs. Lefanu, and "Yes and No," by Lord Normanby, have been translated into French—the former by M. Levelloux, and the latter by Messrs. Claudon and Paguis, translators of the collection of "Romans fashionables."

A collection of philosophical and political fables, by M. Boyer Nioche, is about to be published in Paris. M. Boyer Nioche is distinguished from his predecessors by the energy and terseness of the moral, which in his hand acquires the force of a proverb. Krasicki, the Voltaire of Poland, and his celebrated countryman, Niemcewicz, have found a faithful interpreter in M. Boyer Nioche.

It is well known that Napoleon liked splendour in everything and every person at his Court. A senator of very handsome fortune, but of very sordid habits, was seen by the Emperor, alighting from a hackney coach at the gates of the Tuileries—the monarch said to him, on his appearance in the saloon, "Have you no carriage?"—"No, sir," replied the senator, "I have not yet been able to provide myself with one, but I hope shortly to do honour to your kind generosity." "Well, well," rejoined the Emperor, "you shall have one to-morrow suitable to your rank." The senator left the royal presence transported with joy at the idea of having a carriage free of expense. The morrow came, and with it came a beautiful carriage, to which four magnificent horses were richly harnessed; at the same time a note from the sovereign—"Pay to the bearer 20,000 frs., price of the equipage"—was handed to him, with the command of which, very unwillingly, he was forced to comply. The matter

formed a standing joke at the Imperial Court for a long time afterwards.

Schumacher, in his "description of plants found by Danish naturalists on the coast of Guinea," says, "that he has discovered a herb, since known by the name *Bamelia ducifica*, which bears a berry that has naturally a sickly flavour, but possesses the property of imparting an agreeable taste to whatever comes in contact with the palate immediately after it has been eaten; in this way vinegar acquires the savour of sweet wine, and lemons that of oranges!"

Extraordinary Beryl.—We extract the following from the St. Petersburg "Mining Journal." The rarest specimen of this precious stone, which is at present extant, was found in the Sher range of hills near Murzinskaja, in the district of Catharinenburg, in the year 1827. It is more than eleven pounds in weight, and is valued at one hundred and fifty thousand roubles (7000*l.*)

Ad imitandum.—The Berlin newspapers of the 23rd of October publish a letter from the Prussian sovereign, which establishes an honourable precedent in the practice of celebrating nuptial festivities:—"The court festivities, customary upon the marriages of the princes of my house, will take place on a reduced scale with reference to the union, consummated at the Hague, between my son, Prince Albert, and the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands; yet it is not my desire to save the expenses incidental to this occasion, but, in consequence of the advance in the prices of the necessities of life, to appropriate them to the poor in my two capitals, Berlin and Potsdam. In accordance with an estimate of their amount, the usual donation of 3000 dollars to the poor on such like occasions will be augmented to a sum of 6750 dollars (1050*l.*), and this sum is herewith placed at the disposal of the directors of the poor, to be applied accordingly out of my privy purse.

"Signed, FREDERIC WILLIAM.

"Berlin, 20th Oct. 1830."

"To the Directors of the Poor."

In Providence, United States, there is a law prohibiting the sale of liquors on Sunday; the tavern-keepers ingeniously evade it, by giving away the spirit, and charging for the water.

An Irish Defence.—Some years ago, Mr. Boyle (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called "The Freeholder,") came in contact with one of the City Sheriffs at the theatre there. He suffered so much from this collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Juries, at that time, were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a "corporation jury" were not in the habit of leaning to the side of *mercy* when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought beneath their justice. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation, and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the judges at the Assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empanelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained for Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client, although it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and, O'Connell, declining to call rebutting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding that his appeal to justice made little apparent way into the hearts of a Cork corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner:—"Gentlemen, I remember a trial at Clonmel, of a poor man on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence—like what you have just now heard—was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the case against him closed. He requested leave to call a witness, and to the amazement of the

court, produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had been only 'kilt.' The judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word 'guilty' written on it. The judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed—'Why, the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?' 'Oh, my lord,' replied the foreman, 'that may be; but if he did not kill the man, sure he stole my bay mare three years ago!' So, gentlemen, (concluded O'Connell), you must find Mr. Boyle guilty: for though he did not assault the sheriff, sure he libelled the corporation!" The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—George Cruikshank is illustrating Scott's *Demonology* with Twelve Enchings. Essays concerning the Faculties and Economy of the Mind, by William Godwin.

Part I. of Anatomical Demonstrations, or, a Collection of Colossal Representations of Human Anatomy, translated from the German of Professor Surig, of Breslau.

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Mr. T. K. Hervey has in the Press a volume to be entitled "Ketch's Reminiscences, being Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence, with Illustrations of the Life and Times of the late lamented Mr. John Peypa Cheshire, commonly called Jack Ketch." It is to be illustrated with many humorous plates.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, Part VIII.

The Pulpit, Vol. XV.

A History of the Reformation in Switzerland, by A. Ruchat; translated from the French by Jos. Bruckebury, M.A.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

We recognize the handwriting of "Phlegmatic", although he has changed his name. The commentary gives us great satisfaction; for he who is so rigid to discover our errors, with a kind feeling we believe, has no substantial faults to urge against us. It is true that Titian might have been continued last week, but we thought that reviews of three forthcoming works would be more interesting to our readers, and gave them, though not without great exertion and some sacrifice. As to books hastily noticed and not again referred to, he may conclude generally that, on more careful examination, they are not thought worth a second notice. Respecting the Aldine Poets, he is in a strange error: the work is not published.

We thank J. B. for his communication. We were acquainted with the cooking up of Dolby's Cookery—but the matter was too contemptible for our pages. We hear the reputed author *repines* at having lent his name to the bash.—Angelo's Reminiscences are out of remembrance.

J. R. We are unable to supply Nos. 41 and 45 of The Athenæum for a very good reason, that they are both out of print: we would ourselves give the full price for copies of either of those numbers. Subscribers, as we mentioned heretofore, should lose no time in completing their sets.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom.	Baromet.	Winds.	Weather.
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Noon.	
Th. 11	56	37	29.28	S.W. to W. Rain, A.M.
Fr. 12	56	40	29.74	S. W. Cloudy.
Sat. 13	52	43	29.57	S. E. Rain, P.M.
Sun. 14	56	40	29.40	S. W. Ditto.
Mon. 15	56	45	29.33	S. W. Ditto.
Tues. 16	56	49	29.27	S. W. Rain.
Wed. 17	49	36	29.18	S. W. Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Nimbus, and Cirrostratus.

Nights rainy on Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday. Mornings rainy on Sunday and Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 43°.

Astronomical Observations.

Ceres and Pallas in conjunction on Friday.
The Moon in apogee on Sunday, at 5h. A.M.
The Moon and Venus in conjunction on Sunday, at 5h. P.M.
Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 15° 41' in Capricorn.
Mars — 20° 9' in Pisces.
Sun's — 24° 40' in Scorpio.
Length of day on Wed. 8h. 42m.; decreased, 7h. 52m.
Sun's horary motion 2° 31'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99484.

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